

The Critic

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Reviews

The Journal of a Young Genius *

READERS OF THE CRITIC will be grateful to us, we are sure, for calling their attention to a very remarkable book of which we have as yet seen no notice in any reviews. It is the journal of a young girl, Marie Bashkirtseff, born November 11, 1860, in Russia, and educated in France, who died in Paris, October 31, 1884, having already taken high rank as an artist. The journal begins at the age of twelve, but the preface, written a few months before the author's death, throws the light backward upon this extraordinary record, and arrests us at once by its passionate questioning and appeal.

Why deceive or play a part? Yes, it is evident that I have the desire if not the hope of *remaining* upon this earth, by any means in my power. If I do not die young, I hope to live as a great artist, but if I die young, I wish my journal to be published, which cannot fail to be interesting. . . . At first, I wrote a long time without thinking of being read, and afterwards it was precisely because I hoped to be read that I was absolutely sincere. If this book is not the *exact, the absolute, the strict* truth, it has no right to exist. . . . *Myself* as an interest is perhaps a slight thing for you, but do not think that it is *I*, think that it is a human being who relates to you all her impressions since childhood.

From the age when she began to think—the age of three, she tells us—she had aspirations towards some unknown greatness. Her dolls were always queens or kings, and all that she thought, or heard talked of around her, seemed to have reference to this greatness which was inevitably to come. At five she dressed in her mother's laces, with flowers in her hair, and danced in the salon, before the admiring household. Her daily prayer was that she should never have the small-pox, that she should be pretty and have a beautiful voice and be happily married. In 1870 she left Russia for Germany and Switzerland.

The first volume of the Journal contains 400 pages and covers a period of four years (1873-7). The first entry is dated 'Nice, January, at the age of twelve.' One reads for a time incredulously and with a vague bewilderment. There seems to be some mistake or deception. Surely these are not the sentiments, the phrases or reflections of a child, a girl of twelve. The whole thing is a fiction, and we shall be undeceived as we go on. But as we go on, we are more and more convinced that this is no fiction, but the truth itself. The pages are alive with a personality that vibrates at every touch; they breathe, they cry out, disquieting us by their actuality. From the very outset, such a fire, a frenzy of living! To be great, to be beautiful, to be loved, to be happy, to be unhappy even, if thereby one could live a life more conscious and intense.

Will you believe it? I think everything right and pleasant—tears even, and sorrow. I like to cry, to despair, to be grieved and sad. I look upon it all as so much diversion, and I love life in spite of everything. Indeed I must live. . . . I know not how to express myself. . . . Even while praying for happiness, I am happy to be miserable. It is no longer I, myself, who am thus. My body suffers and cries out, but something in me, above me, rejoices at everything. . . . I am unhappy, I pity myself, but

* Journal de Marie Bashkirtseff. Paris: G. Charpentier.

I find life so beautiful, that everything seems to me beautiful and happy, and I feel I must live.

And all the while some luminous star is ever beckoning her onwards.

The sun! the sun! From what quarter will it arise? When? Where? How? If only it would come! But what if it should never come! and if my whole life should be spent waiting, waiting, waiting!

In 1876 she is in Rome. The nephew of Cardinal A. makes love to her, and we have a chapter of romantic psychology as curious as anything we have ever read. As on the surface of a changing wave, every emotion comes to play and mirror itself. We hardly recognize, nor does she, either, what is real or uppermost. Love, coquetry, ambition, vanity, curiosity—each one in turn, perhaps—all the vague stirrings of an imagination eager to be inflamed, and yet keeping itself aloof, while every sensation is being observed, dissected and analyzed with a minuteness that is at once the height of naïveté and of self-consciousness. The whole affair ends in smoke. The young man is a weakling in the hands of powerful and ambitious relatives. And Marie? 'Have I loved?' she asks herself. If so, love is a wretched business, not worth the handling.

But the star is always there, or rather another star shines upon the horizon. Art! This magic word invincibly attracts her. I see it, she says, like a great light far, far in the distance, and forgetting every thing else I shall walk onwards with eyes fixed upon this light. She settles in Paris and goes resolutely to work. The second volume begins in September, 1877. We are conscious at once of a difference. That altogether unique and incomparable charm has disappeared, like the perfume that exhales at dawn. It is as if this radiant creature with diaphanous wings, giddy with sunshine and air and freedom, had suddenly poised, but only to take more lofty and deliberate flight. Giving up everything else—society, the family life, even—she spends all her days at the studio of Julian, where from the first, her genius was recognized. For seven years she worked indefatigably; a visit to Russia, to Spain, and occasional trips for her health were her only interruptions. Thoroughly mastering the technique of her art, she came to the full expression of her own individuality, which, as she says herself, alone can constitute greatness. One would like to quote from every page of this artist-life, with its exaltation and depressions, its feverish impatience 'to arrive,' its visions of the ideal, and over all the shadow, one might almost say the presence, of death. We have never read anything so poignant, so cruel. A being so alive, and yet face to face with death, challenging, scrutinizing it, while every sense cries out, every nerve is quivering, until 'death itself becomes an ecstasy.' Anything more tragic than the final picture cannot easily be conceived, Bastien Le Page and herself visiting and consoling one another. She goes to his studio at first, and when she is no longer able, he is carried to her. Stretched in their easy chairs, which are drawn up side by side, the two talk there all day. 'I am dressed in a cloud of lace and plush,' she says, 'all white but of different whites; the eye of Bastien Le Page rests upon it with delight; "Oh, if I could paint!" says he. And I!' This was on the 16th of October. On the 31st she died—ten days before her twenty-fourth birthday.

We have already exceeded the space allotted to us, and we feel that we have said nothing. And yet we can say no more except that the book must be read, nor do we doubt the profound impression that it will create.

Mr. Conway's Vindication of Edmund Randolph *

OF THE LONG and brilliant list of the Randolphs famous on either side of the Atlantic, Edmund, the subject of Mr. Conway's biography, was among the purest, ablest, and most brilliant. Thirty men bearing the illustrious cognomen of

* Omitted Chapters of History, Disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph. By Moncure Daniel Conway. \$3.50. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Randolph are mentioned in the index, yet the fair name of none has been so blackened as that of the first Attorney-General of the United States. The victim of party spirit, and defamed by his successor in office, the popular impression of him, while not the same as that of Benedict Arnold, is of one who attempted to sell his country's interests for private advantage. He who, besides sharing the gifts of mind and person which nature so freely bestowed on the Randolphs, was Governor of Virginia, proposer of the national Constitution under which we now live, and Secretary of State under Washington, died under a cloud of partisan misrepresentation. That cloud has never been fully lifted, but the strong book just written may serve to dispel it. One cannot but study the handsome features preserved to us in the steel portrait which forms the frontispiece of his vindicator's comely volume, without admiration and sympathy, even before reading the text and documents which prove his integrity. Falsely accused of intriguing with the envoy from France for the purpose of getting money, Randolph resigned his high dignity, and though he wrote a vindication of himself, yet no biographer has arisen to do him full justice until now. Mr. Moncure D. Conway a tireless lover of research, a literary artist who grows increasingly fond of seeking facts at first sources, has essayed the task. A Virginian familiar with state and local history, personally acquainted with the historic 'first families' and old mansions of Virginia, and with a hound-like power of scenting out the secrets of archives, he has assembled an array of proofs which gives a result very much like a resurrection. On page 369 Mr. Conway, in summing up, describes Edmund Randolph as 'the patriot whom Northern men struck down—this man so resolute in his nationality, so anxious lest sectional alienation should increase, . . . the Southerner without sectionalism, the antislavery Virginian, the one republican able to curb revolutionary democracy. Randolph and pure republicanism fallen, in their place rose Jefferson and a democratic imperialism under which those sham federalists saw their party buried in the grave of their outstripped leader, with Aaron Burr's bullet in his breast.'

Mr. Conway, with the help of a financial expert in the Treasury at Washington, has made short work also of the financial argument against Randolph. Whereas, 'in a list of debtors to the United States, laid before Congress (1887) by the Register of the Treasury, a balance of \$61,335.07 stands against Edmund Randolph,' 'at this moment there is in the Treasury an authentic statement of Randolph's accounts, showing that the United States has not only been paid the debt, principal and interest, and given quittance thereof, but beyond that is in pocket \$7,716.21.' Mr. Conway, who has been a successful hunter down of myths in other fields of human speculation, shows conclusively that the representation of Randolph as a defaulter is the result of a financial myth.

Into the details of Randolph's life we cannot here go, but we are glad that Mr. Conway has taken the trouble to do so. His work is a solid addition to American history, as well as a notable contribution to the library of American biography. Fortunately a liberal quotation of authorities is made, and the details most fully given relate to vital matters, such as the formation of the Constitution, and its ratification by Virginia. Intensely interesting is the chapter on 'The Founding of Religious Freedom,' in which the author has occasion to correct and amplify Dr. Schaff's quotation in the excellent work of the latter on Church and State in the United States. Not a little sidelight is cast, too, on the Fathers of the Republic, Washington, Jefferson and Madison; while the author's criticisms on and illustrations of the Constitutional history of the United States are of high value. It is interesting to note that Mr. John Fiske's 'Critical Period of American History,' in which the illustrious Virginian is often referred to, and the 'Life and Letters of Gouverneur Morris,' appearing at the same time, make a trio of books which cast fresh light on a period which, as the years of

'triumphant democracy' roll on, will increase rather than diminish in interest.

"Delia Bacon"*

THE STORY of Delia Bacon's life is a painful one, but there was a certain necessity for writing it. Of all the literary delusions, that of the Baconian authorship of the Shakspeare plays is one of the strangest and wildest; but the great name it would dishonor gives it a lasting interest and importance, at least of a historical sort, and its leading advocates thus become noteworthy persons. Surely there is no one of them who might better claim remembrance aside from this adventitious interest than Delia Bacon. We can heartily thank her nephew for the rare tact and discretion with which he has set the unfortunate lady before us—the brilliant promise of her early years, her power and popularity as a teacher of literature, the origin and development of the hallucination that has made her more widely known, and the mental alienation that darkened her later life.

That she was no ordinary woman would be evident from the sympathy she won from Emerson, Carlyle, and Hawthorne, if we had no other proof of the fact; and their letters to her would give a positive value to the book, if it had no other claim upon our attention. They could not accept her theory, but they could not help admiring, respecting, and pitying herself. Carlyle says in a letter to Emerson: 'I have not in my life seen anything so tragically *quixotic* as her Shakspeare enterprise; alas, alas, there can be nothing but sorrow, toil, and utter disappointment in it for her! . . . I am often truly sorry about the poor lady; but she troubles nobody with her difficulties, with her theories; she must try the matter to the end, and charitable souls must further her so far.' She herself tells how he laughed at her first unfolding of her heresy. She 'thought he would have taken the roof of the house off.' At length, she says, he 'came down upon me with such a volley!' But she boldly told him that 'he did not know what was in the plays, if he said that, and no one *could* know who believed that that booby wrote them. It was then that he began to shriek. You could have heard him a mile.' That seems like the veritable Carlyle, but we rub our eyes and ask if it is the same Carlyle whom we find afterwards befriending her to the utmost and trying to find a publisher for her book. Emerson, with as keen a sense of the absurdity of her views, was the means of securing her first hearing on this side of the ocean, and continued to help her year after year in every way he could. To Hawthorne's persistent and most delicate devotion to her interests her biographer has borne grateful and emphatic testimony. And in ending the book he well says that 'no one of all that cared most for her could wish to have her judged of more kindly or justly than in the closing words that Hawthorne wrote of her'; referring to the last paragraph in the sketch of her in 'Our Old Home.' We cannot spare room to reprint it all here, but will merely quote the final sentence or two, as exquisite in its English as it is generous in its tribute to the unhappy lady: 'This bewildered enthusiast had recognized a depth in the man whom she derided which scholars, critics, and learned societies devoted to the elucidation of his unrivalled scenes, had never imagined to exist there. She had paid him the loftiest honor that all these ages of renown have been able to accumulate upon his memory. And when, not many months after the outward failure of her lifelong object, she passed into the better world, I know not why we should hesitate to believe that the immortal poet may have met her on the threshold and led her in, reassuring her with friendly and comfortable words, and thanking her (yet with a smile of gentle humor in his eyes at the thought of certain mistaken speculations) for having interpreted him to mankind so well.' There is withal in this a fine appreciation of Shakspeare, which shows that Hawthorne had learned to know the man as well as his works.

* Delia Bacon, A Biographical Sketch. \$2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We get glimpses of many other notable people in this book, but none more amusingly characteristic than Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon's comment on Emerson's interest in his unfortunate sister, the explanation of which the good old orthodox divine says he finds, 'partly, I doubt not, in that wonderful "good-nature" which is so prominent a feature in his character—partly, I suspect, in the special sympathy which he has in whatever is unbelief.' We can imagine the gentle smile that would have broadened the genial philosophic face, if Emerson himself could have seen that last most Baconian (Leonard-Baconian) suggestion!

Lady Brassey's "Last Voyage" *

LADY BRASSEY could not have left a more beautiful 'last will and testament' than this concluding volume of Sunbeam voyages, crowded as it is with illustrations of Eastern scenery as well as with evidences of her own talent and kindness. The last voyage of this untiring woman ended on September 1, 1887, off the northwest coast of Australia, pathetically marked on an accompanying map by a small black cross like those that mark the footsteps of a traveller in Switzerland whom disaster has overtaken. Here, on the 'great deep' that she loved so well, she died, and was consigned at sunset, with inexpressible grief, to its wandering currents. She had been repeatedly ill before this with successive returns of malarial fever and bronchitis contracted at various times in various latitudes. At one time, indeed, before her marriage to Mr. (now Lord) Brassey, she had been nearly burned to death, and lay for six months wrapped in cotton, too helpless to feed herself. But from the beginning she was blessed, if not with a fine constitution, at least with an unconquerable spirit—bright, sunshiny, helpful, and kind; and by means of this she 'roughed it' in the luxurious fashion of those who possess a yacht and insist on exploring the nooks and crannies of the navigable world with it. Twelve years ago she published her first diary, occupying an eleven months' cruise of the Sunbeam. The instantaneous success of this work encouraged her to publish others, and more brilliant volumes followed—'Storm and Sunshine in the East,' 'The Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties,' etc.—beautifully illustrated and full of the delightful spirit of the sea. Nobody but her immediate family knew that this gifted woman was an almost constant sufferer, and that her writings were extorted from her by her desire to find relief.

The touching little memoir of her written by Lord Brassey for his children and prefixed to this volume gives us an insight into her domestic life, and is replete with interesting facts about her girlhood and her methods of composition. Her books, he tells us, grew out of a habit, early adopted when on her travels, of sitting up in bed in her dressing-jacket, as soon as she awoke in the morning, and writing with pencil and paper an unpretending narrative of the previous day's proceedings, to be sent home to her father. The written letter grew into the lithographed journal, and this into the printed book, at first prepared for private circulation, and finally, on the completion of the voyage round the world, for publication. Such is the simple origin of these charming travels—books enjoyed as much by Bismarck, as he smoked his evening pipe, as by girls in Canada and Australia who asked for autographs. The memoir tells us, too, that Lady Brassey was not an idle traveller seeking for new scenes and new sensations: there have been nautical gentlewomen since the time of Artemisia and the Amazons; but she was a woman noted alike for her public and private charities, her active beneficence in every part of the world, her interest in scientific discoveries, and her rare and unselfish spirit. One of the main objects of this last and deadly voyage was to establish in India, Burmah, the South Sea Islands and Australia, branches of the St. John's Ambulance Association for affording first relief to the wounded. She

had suffered so much herself that her spirit was keenly alive to the sufferings of others, and she felt how many persons in out-of-the-way settlements bled to death for mere lack of attention, how many supposed victims of drowning might be resuscitated if only timely aid were rendered, and the like. Accordingly, while plunging enthusiastically into the wonderlands of the East, gathering curios in every clime or studying delightedly their marvellous flora, she never forgot her favorite hobby, and established wherever she could auxiliary branches of the Aid Society.

This last voyage abounds in references to her work as well as in evidences of the extraordinary honors shown her in India, Burmah, Borneo, and Australia. She seems literally to have ridden and sailed herself to death, exploring the most inaccessible spots carried in a *jinriksha*, paddling through malarious swamps in canoes, diving into Indian jungles, groping in guano-haunted bird's-nest-caves, and peering into the intricacies of gold-mines. She was an expert botanist, delighted in sea-shells and old armor, and loaded the Sunbeam with the spoils of her purchases and discoveries. Her diaries teem with vivacious details of the everyday life of the ship, and many beautiful pictures show ship and mistress in the most picturesque lights. Her pen lends a grace to the simplest event, and her command over nervous and powerful English when the occasion demands it is frequently enough exhibited in these final sketches. When the pen dropped from her fingers, Lord Brassey took it up, and completed the sad voyage to Mauritius, Cape Town, St. Helena, Ascension, and Sierra Leone. On the title-page stand the beautiful lines from Tennyson, so appropriate to this life and death:

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more!

General Gordon *

THE VARIED career of Gen. Gordon and his melancholy death at Khartoum must remain among the saddest and most romantic personal histories of the century. It is, perhaps, too soon for Englishmen to judge with entire candor of his life, for the expedition to the Soudan is too recent to be, as yet, beyond the influence of party feeling, and his tragic death surrounds him with the halo of a martyr; yet few can read his life as written by Sir W. Butler without a sense of the undeserved misfortune and lack of contemporary appreciation which sometimes follow even great men to their graves. There was in Gen. Gordon an impatience of control and enthusiasm for mystical ideals which made him somewhat difficult to deal with. His mysticism of nature, which, had he been a Mussulman, might have led him to act the part of the Mahdi, had no doubt a powerful influence in alienating the confidence of those who, to some extent, guided his career in the English service, for the very genius of the English race regards with suspicion what it cannot understand, or what is contrary to its preconceived ideals. This tendency was satirized by Dickens and has been commented on often by Matthew Arnold, and if we see in it some explanation of the failure of England to appreciate Gen. Gordon even after his return from China, we shall not go far wrong. It will also partially explain the seeming indifference of the Government to the Soudan expedition and the delay in sending assistance to Khartoum. Many, if not most, Englishmen regarded him as an adventurer, lacking that British solidity which is so dear to the English heart, even if many did not think, as the worthy gentleman from Pembrokeshire did, that 'the Government has just sent a Chinaman to the Soudan. What can they mean by sending a native of that country to such a place?' But whatever may have been his faults, he was assailed of

* The Last Voyage to India and Australia in the Sunbeam. By Lady Brassey. 36s. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

* Charles George Gordon. By Sir W. F. Butler. 6s. 6d. (English Men of Action.) New York: Macmillan & Co.

them all when the news was finally borne to Europe, that he had died the death of a hero. This little volume of Sir W. Butler's is a touching tribute to the true excellence and the high and noble aims both in public and private life of the hero of Khartoum.

Col. Dodge's "Great Captains" *

COL. DODGE'S 'Great Captains' comprises six lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute in January of the present year. The author undertakes to give in outline the careers of the six great military leaders of history—Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick and Napoleon,—and to state the contribution each has made to the science and art of war. No one is likely to dispute the claim of these six captains to the honor of being the world's teachers in the military art. Starting with Alexander, each in turn made positive and lasting improvements in existing military methods; each, in a different way and under different conditions, displayed genius of the rarest kind. But the author has undertaken a difficult task. Each of these captains has filled too many volumes of the world's history, and the salient facts of their careers are too well known to make such a restatement of them as is possible within the limits of a score or so of pages of great value, whether viewed from a historical or purely military standpoint, although the latter seems to be that from which the book is written. Hence, one may be permitted to question the *raison d'être* of books of this kind. Were the subjects less vast, the task would have been far easier.

The military reader will undoubtedly take exception to the author's statement regarding Alexander, that 'he possessed every remarkable military attribute; we can discover in him no military weakness'; and again, 'as a captain he accomplished more than any other man ever did'; and, 'What has Cæsar done for the art of war? Nothing but what Alexander and Hannibal had done before him.' In dealing with Frederick, the author treats with excessive charity his unprovoked seizure of Silesia at the opening of his career. Again, the statement that as a tactician Frederick was far above Napoleon will hardly go unquestioned. Frequent comparisons are made between these military giants, and to each the author assigns a conspicuous niche in the temple of fame. One may well doubt, considering the centuries of time that separated them, the widely different conditions under which each of them waged war, the means and material at their disposal, the obstacles to be overcome and the aims to be accomplished, whether satisfactory comparison is quite possible.

From a literary standpoint the book is clearly and concisely written. The author thoroughly enters into the spirit of his work, and worships in turn at the shrine of each of his heroes. The constant use of superlatives is noticeable, while the 'gorgeous handling of cavalry,' 'beautiful' manoeuvres and movements, 'crisp' tactical skill, fighting, strategy, etc., are terms new to the military critic.

Recent Fiction

A DOZEN amusing comedies in miniature founded on the strange adventures of Jeannot, the perplexities of the old couple who did not know what to do with their savings, the tale of the magic pudding and the three wishes, and so forth, make up the 'Petit Théâtre des Enfants' of Mrs. Hugh Bell. Nothing could be better calculated to serve at once for instruction and amusement. They are acting plays; for Mrs. Bell has the gift of dramatic construction; the obvious expedient of repeating words and phrases, in her hands, never becomes too obvious; and nothing is introduced above the understanding or capacity of children of ten or twelve years. (50 cts. Longmans, Green & Co.)—HOW INCONVENIENT are facts! Here, in two volumes of the pretty and cheap Handy Library of 'companionable books for home or travel,' is a new edition of Leigh Hunt's 'Romances of Real Life.' It would give pleasure to a lazy or amiable reviewer to say that the Ameri-

can public is indebted to the publishers for making available, once more, a round hundred of delightful true tales, old and new, gathered and introduced by that charming essayist, poet, and storyteller, Leigh Hunt. Unluckily, most of these 'romances' were not worth printing in the first place, to say nothing of their original resuscitation from Hunt's *London Journal*, or their present réissue; their flavor is that of the insipid sentimentalism of 1840; and Hunt's own introductions and comments are in the obscurest or most slipshod style of that estimable and inveterate hack. Time, after all, is more kindly to Hunt than most of his late editors and publishers; for, if let alone, it strives to bury his rubbish and to leave us none but the best of his voluminous verse and prose. (\$1.50. Roberts Bros.)

'OUR UNCLE AND AUNT,' by Amarala Martin, is an allegorical tale in support of Woman's Rights. This book may contain a great many truths concerning laws that are unjust to women, but unfortunately for the influence that these truths might have, it is so badly written that it will never be read. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—'BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE' is another child's story of the apparently inexhaustible series in the mind of Charlotte Yonge. These books are eminently suitable for Sunday-school libraries, and for cousins and aunts to present to children at Christmas; but surely some one else could write them just as well. We would ask Charlotte Yonge to write us some more books like 'Unknown to History' and 'Love and Life.' (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)—'CONSTANCE, AND CALBOT'S RIVAL' are two stories of the supernatural by Julian Hawthorne. 'Constance' deals more particularly with spiritualism and the influence of strong will power. 'Calbot's Rival' is a strange story of an accursed tourmaline locket, which keeps its power unto the third and fourth generation. The style of these writings is very much purer and stronger than that of the Byrnes-Hawthorne detective series—so much so, that we are agreeably surprised, and hope Mr. Hawthorne will continue to do work worthy of his name. (75 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

A STORY written by a Northern man, describing alternately life at the North and life at the South during the late War, and having for its motive the dramatic incident of a Northern soldier who risked his life to gather for his dying friend a clump of spring violets, growing beyond the 'death line' boundary of the prison pen at Andersonville, might well be suspected of a partisan bias so strong as to make it both painful and offensive to the Southern reader. But in 'Andersonville Violets,' by Herbert D. Collingwood, there is no bitterness of sectional feeling. The true hero of the book is made to be the Southern guard, who, because he could not fire upon the transgressing prisoner, was court-martialed, escaped death by a pardon which meant disgrace for life, and for the remainder of his days carried a broken heart in consequence. The meeting of these two men in after years, the second crossing of their lines of life, is well carried out in the shifting of scene which ends the tale in a Mississippi cotton region where both have cast their lot. (\$1. Lee & Shepard.)

'CASIMIR MAREMMA,' by Sir Arthur Helps, is a very well written book dealing particularly with the principles of emigration. There is a good deal of sound philosophy in the various discussions, and the scheme of emigration here presented would be of benefit to most overcrowded countries. It is hard for us to accept the author's view of the adaptability to culture of the London poor as shown in the character of Mary Lauder; but as Mary is the most human and charming of the characters, we can afford to overlook some seeming inconsistencies. (75 cts. Roberts Bros.)—'THIS WICKED WORLD,' by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, is a novel of fashionable English society. It is impossible to become much interested in the characters, so that the tragedy at the end fails to be impressive. That such books are written and read points to a shocking waste of time in the world. (25 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—'CONFESSIONS D'UN OUVRIER' by Emile Souvestre, is a most interesting account of a workingman's life. It has not the picturesque charm of 'Le Philosophe sous les Toits,' but it seems to be a very careful account of the hardships and pleasures of a self-respecting workman. O. B. Super, Professor of Modern Languages in Dickinson College, has appended concise notes to the little volume. It is a work that will add greatly to the knowledge of French character and to the understanding of colloquial French. (30 cts. D. C. Heath & Co.)

A RECENTLY taken portrait of George Bancroft will be printed in the *May Book Buyer*, together with portraits of Ellen Olney Kirk, author of 'The Story of Margaret Kent,' and Sallie Pratt McLean, author of 'Cape Cod Folks.' Personal sketches will accompany the portraits.

* Great Captains. By Lieut.-Col. T. A. Dodge, U.S. Army. \$2. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Minor Notices

MR. J. L. M. CURRY has issued a sketch of 'Constitutional Government in Spain' which may interest students of politics. Mr. Curry was formerly United States Minister to Spain, and has therefore had the opportunity of studying Spanish politics on the spot. He begins with an account of the abortive Constitution of 1812, and then briefly relates the various changes and revolutions that have occurred since. In considering why the republic of 1873 failed to maintain itself, he shows very clearly that the Spaniards are not yet a republican—that is to say, a self-governing—people. In fact, he expressly says that 'the American idea of the derivation of political power from the people has not found lodgment, as an actuality, in Spanish politics, literature or thought.' Another obstacle not only to republicanism but to good government in any form, is 'the well-nigh universal recognition of the legitimacy of a resort to military power in order to change the administration or accomplish political reforms.' Still another difficulty is the religious bigotry of the people, which even now will not permit the public exercise of any method of worship but the Roman Catholic. Mr. Curry thinks that much time must elapse and many improvements be effected before popular rights will be securely established in Spain; but he regards the present state of affairs as hopeful. (\$1. Harper & Bros.)

THE LATEST numbers of the International Statesmen Series are unusually interesting, and it must be confessed that the selection of names so far has been judiciously made. The Life of Sir Robert Peel, by F. C. Montague, presents the reader with a brief but well arranged and unprejudiced account of that great man. The author has used his material with discretion, and, far from betraying any party bias, has succeeded, it seems to us, in giving a fair and definite estimate of Peel's services to his country. This has been no slight task, for rarely has party feeling been stronger than in the years when Catholic Emancipation, the resumption of specie payments and the conflict over the Corn Laws were burning questions, and the prejudices of those years are not yet fully eradicated. Although Peel has been greatly blamed for 'trimming,' and for adopting the principles of the Liberals in order to retain power, the reasons given by Mr. Montague for these inconsistencies seem, in part at least, to relieve him of the charge of betrayal of his party friends, and help us to believe that in his final decision upon the Corn Laws he was actuated by higher motives than mere party allegiance. The reader is, however, left to draw his own conclusions; his judgment is not forestalled. (75 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THE JUDICIAL ATTITUDE of the author of the Life of Viscount Bolingbroke, Mr. A. Hassall, is less well defined. Brilliant and gifted as was this great man, his erratic and mysterious career will always command not only pity, but a pity mingled with contempt. Opinion will remain divided as to his exact purpose at the death of Queen Anne, because there are no means of knowing certainly what his exact purpose was, even granting that he had developed any certain cause of action himself. But the plea that he was intriguing *only* to induce the Elector of Hanover to throw himself into the hands of a Tory, and not a Whig Ministry, is rather an unlikely one. Few things are more probable than that Bolingbroke desired the restoration of the Stuarts. If not, why did he leave England and enter into the service of the Pretender? These questions are not satisfactorily answered by Mr. Hassall, and we doubt if it is possible to answer them satisfactorily. The chapter on Lord Bolingbroke's literary friendships is both interesting and valuable. (75 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

BOOKS ABOUT BOOKS multiply, and their authors or compilers will soon have hard work to invent new titles. We have had the 'Book-Fancier,' the 'Pleasures' and 'Diversions' of a Bookworm, the 'Book-lover,' the 'Book-Lover's Enchiridion,' the 'Book-Lover's Rosary,' the 'Brotherhood of Letters,' 'Ballads of Books,' 'Old Cookery Books,' the 'Library,' the 'Home Library,' 'Hints for Home Libraries,' 'Books and Reading,' 'Books and Bookmen,' 'What and How to Read,' and not a few besides. Most of them, of course, have little essential advice to add to that of old Richard de Bury (a fine new edition of whose 'Philobiblon' awaits notice in these columns), or of Bacon in his perennial essay; while the reminiscences and reflections of the modern Jacobites are likely to be quite as 'detached' as Lamb's 'thoughts on books, and reading,' and no more weighty. But new times need new teachers; and we may well congratulate ourselves that our 'materialistic age' is more and more bookishly inclined. The very latest of these volumes is daintily printed, and bound in cool and smooth green cloth; its modest title is 'By-Ways in Bookland'; its author is William Davenport Adams, an English compiler who here shows his power to write pleasant prose; and its little essays on 'Paper-Knife Pleas-

ures,' 'Strings for the Stringy,' reading in bed, book-bindings etc., are as agreeable as they are unpretending. The chapter on 'Dialogues of the Dead' strangely ignores Andrew Lang, who has done good work in the general style of composition to which they belong, and Jules Lemaitre. (\$1.25. Lockwood & Coombes.) —ONE OF THE above-named works, 'Old Cookery Books and Ancient Cuisine,' is by W. C. Hazlitt, grandson and biographer of William Hazlitt, who wrote so charmingly and so sensibly of the reading of old books and new. His two papers on that general theme are printed, of course, in the well-chosen selection of his 'Essays' which Mr. Frank Carr has made for the Camelot Series. Hazlitt, on the whole, surpassed Hunt, Praed, and most of the minor essayists of the century; and it is well that a new set of readers may see what a union of zest and wholesomeness, of mere humor and helpful sense, they contain. The editor has done his work thoroughly, both in the selections and in the introductory sketch. (40 cts. T. Whittaker.)

FROM a variety of sources, Mr. T. F. Thistleton Dyer has gathered much information about the 'Folk-lore of Plants,' and his publishers have made it into a handsome volume. The author has arranged his material under a score of headings, some of which may serve to illustrate the character of his work. He writes of 'Primitive and Savage Notions Concerning Plants,' of 'Plant Worship,' 'Lightning Plants,' 'Plants in Demonology,' 'Love-Charms,' 'Dream-Plants,' 'Plants and the Weather,' 'Plant-Names,' 'Plant-Proverbs,' 'Fabulous Plants' and 'Children's Rhymes and Games.' The subject is inexhaustible, and Mr. Dyer hopes 'that this little book will serve as a useful handbook for those desirous of gaining some information' concerning it, in a concise form; and, as he has taken some pains to that end, our desires go with his. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.) —'ACROSS LOTS' takes us through the fields and swamps in the neighborhood of Boston with an eye to squirrels, mice and such small deer, to beetles, bull-frogs, mud-turtles and the fauna of the Hub generally—more particularly the birds. The author, Mr. Horace Lunt, is a devoted ornithologist and zoölogist, and he knows how to write agreeably of 'Wood Notes and Nest-Hunting,' of 'Winged Robbers and Nest-Builders,' and of the 'Wonders of Pond Life.' His book, which is very attractively gotten up, would be the better if more carefully edited. There are slips of the pen or of the types, such as 'vieros' for vireos, and passages on every few pages which are open to the charge of 'fine writing.' (\$1.25. D. Lothrop Co.)

THREE pretty gift-books for the Easter holiday season are 'From Snow to Sunshine,' verses by Alice Wellington Rollins, with drawings of butterflies, in colors, by Susie Barstow Skelding (\$1.50); 'Heaven and Earth,' an antiphon, by Edith M. Thomas, with designs by W. St. John Harper (\$1); and Frederick W. Faber's hymn 'Hark! Hark, my Soul!' with illustrations also by Mr. Harper (50 cents). All three are handsomely printed and put up in prettily decorated covers and protecting paper boxes. (F. A. Stokes & Bro.) —'THE PLAYTIME NATURALIST' gets into the form of a story an incredible deal of British natural history, more particularly that of the minuter organisms. The author, Dr. J. E. Taylor, and his Mugby pupils examine the scales of fishes; the nests and eggs of birds; the mimicry of insects, their wing-scales, eggs, cocoons; they find and classify and describe many species of snails; they go fishing for water beetles and hunting for mites with pill-boxes. The results of their investigations are set forth with the aid of a plenty of very good woodcuts; and as a large number of the creatures described and figured are common to both hemispheres, this circumstance alone should bespeak a good reception for the little volume here. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

IT IS SOMETHING of a reflection—at least a singular comment—on the attitude of Eastern publishers toward the literature of music, that a very big proportion of all books, not of, but *on* music, has for years come from Chicago. An explanation of the fact might be asked of Mr. George P. Upton and Mr. A. C. McClurg, for to them belongs the credit or the responsibility, as one may choose to look at it. Ten years ago or so, Mr. Upton, then musical critic as well as political writer for the Chicago *Tribune*, began the work with a series of translations of musical biographies—Nohl's. Then he switched off into original work, beginning with 'Woman in Music.' Latterly he has given us the 'Standard' series—books containing descriptions of the standard operas, oratorios and cantatas, and finally symphonies, along with brief and judicious accounts of the lives of their composers. 'Standard Symphonies' contains the most careful of Mr. Upton's work, and will be found an extremely useful and helpful adjunct to the library of all who love the higher forms in instrumental music. In its dedication, Mr. Upton pays a warm tribute to Mr. Theodore Thomas, 'who, more than any other,

has made the American public acquainted with the highest form of musical art by his scholarly interpretation and great executive ability. The comprehensive character of Mr. Upton's little book is indicated by the circumstance that it treats of no less than thirty composers, fifty-six symphonies, and twelve symphonic poems, besides containing a short prefatory essay on the symphony as an art-form and an alphabetical list of the important compositions in this department of music. (\$1.50. A. C. McClurg & Co.)—THE MUSIC FESTIVALS which have been held biennially in Cincinnati under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas since 1873 have given that city the reputation of being the metropolis of music west of the Allegheny Mountains. The story of the growth of musical culture there which Mr. Frank Tunison tells in the *brochure*, 'Presto! From the Singing School to the May Musical Festival,' is an interesting and instructive one, though it contradicts the title of the book, for it presents the festival as the product of a steady and earnest interest in music running back to the backwoods days of the Ohio Valley. Mr. Tunison's style is sprightly but smacks of the careless newspaper writer. He does not conquer the sympathy for his subject which he might. (\$1. Robert Clarke & Co.)

THERE ARE many 'strong bits of color'—as strong in their way, and intensely local, as the little darkey who is shown holding up a dumb-bell as big as himself—in the volume of 'Fun From Life.' One of these is the parrot who astonishes the rustic fowler by shouting 'Let her go, Gallagher!' Another is the picture of Sunday morning in ancient Rome, at the entrance to the theatre of Antonius Pastorus. One of the best is 'Home life in Chinatown,' showing the hope of the family swinging on the united pig-tails, maternal and paternal. Two delightful drawings illustrate the 'Advantages of the Flying Express System' on our railroads; and another—the last,—intended to depict the glimpse which Jones got of his divinity from the cars as he passed through her village, may be taken to symbolize the first impression which an impatient reader will get of the volume: it is charming, though a trifle incoherent. (\$1. F. A. Stokes & Bro.)

VOLUME III. of the new edition of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' includes subjects from Catarrh to Dion Chrysostomus. As in the other volumes of the publication, every article has apparently been written with reference to the needs of readers of the present generation. Not only are the latest discoveries in science, natural history and archæology to be found in it, but matters of a purely temporary and, we might even say, local importance are, in several cases, very fully treated. A similar liberality is shown in the illustrations, particularly in the department of natural history, the cuts in which are numerous, extremely well done and well printed. A. H. Bullen writes the papers on Chapman and Dekker, George Forrester on Chicago, Prof. Geikie those on geology, Stanley Lane-Poole on Constantinople, Prof. Henry Drummond on Creation, Lord Napier on Crofters, Prof. Goldwin Smith on Oliver Cromwell, George Saintsbury on Daudet, F. B. Jevons on Demosthenes, and Walter Besant on Dickens. Many articles on American subjects, such as those on Chautauqua, Chicago, Clemens (Mark Twain), Henry Clay, Grover Cleveland, Cheese-making and Dairy-factories, as well as the maps of Colorado, Connecticut, Dakota, and Delaware, are copyrighted by the American publishers of the work. (\$3. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

IT IS DIFFICULT, if not impossible, to say anything new about the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. Even the best books are largely expressions of individual opinion, added to a restatement of some one or other of the already established theories. The point of view of 'Jesus Brought Back,' by Joseph Henry Crooker, is the rationalistic, and the individual element is one that shows great reverence and a trusting discipleship. The five essays composing the volume were originally given as Sunday evening lectures in the Unitarian Church at Madison, Wis., by the pastor. They indicate a deep religious spirit combined with the most fearless spirit of free inquiry. The basis of the view presented in the large body of rationalistic literature which the present century has produced, including such writers as Keim, Hausrath, Baur, Reuss, Hooykaas, Matthew Arnold and Seeley. The conclusions of these writers have been carefully studied, and they have been simplified and presented in a reverent, constructive spirit. For the most part their negative theories have been disregarded, while their appreciative and inspiring studies have been brought into use with much of literary skill and earnestness of religious aim. The book's chief merit is that it puts into a compact form the best conclusions of a large school of Bible students concerning the life and teachings of Jesus, and presents that life in a manner to make it helpful and inspiring even to those who are unable to accept the older views of it. The rationalistic conception of Christ has never before in this country

been presented with so much of good sense and critical judgment combined with so much of genuine reverence and piety. (\$1. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

IN 'SUCCESSFUL WOMEN,' Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton has given to the public another of her pleasant compilations. Her books have no originality and they show no critical talent; but they bring together a good deal of information about persons, and in a gossiping manner which makes them readable. In the present volume are to be found eleven sketches of living American women who have won success in various fields of labor. Among the names are Juliet Corson, Frances Willard, Mary L. Booth (who died after the book's appearance), Marion Harland, Dr. Rachel Bodley, Clara Barton, Mrs. and Miss Wheeler, and Alice Freeman. Each of these women deserves notice for her energy and her ability, and each affords a worthy example for those girls who are trying to use life to the best advantage. The information here given is trustworthy and not to be found elsewhere. We could wish, however, that Mrs. Bolton wrote with more moderation and greater critical judgment. She adopts a style that is often extravagant with its excesses, while she bestows her praise with so lavish a hand as to defeat its object. (\$1. D. Lothrop Co.)

MR. WM. S. BAKER, the author of several valuable works relating to Washington's portraits, in engraving, medallion art, and character sketches, has published a 'Bibliotheca Washingtoniana,' containing 501 titles. Seventeen of these are in the last century, the first having been published in 1777. A life printed in 1795 by James Hardie gives Washington the title of 'Father of his Country.' An interesting statement is made that the earliest instance of this expression being applied to Washington known to the author, is in a German almanac in the library of the Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, dated 1779 and printed at Lancaster, Pa. (Phila.: Robt. M. Lindsay.)—A PRETTY and timely collection of May-day poems for recitation, pieces for exhibition, and games for youthful diversion, has just appeared. Mr. Marcus Benjamin, to whose good taste and scholarly research parents are indebted for this little volume, has called it 'May Time,' and to each selection has annexed a brief account of the author, with dates, and a list of his best-known works. Like the scattered petals of apple-blossoms, these dainty bits of spring rejoicing drift toward us from the parent stems of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Herrick, Herbert, Milton, Wordsworth, Emerson, Tennyson, and others as familiar and beloved, if less exalted by the world's renown. (De Witt Pub. Co.)

THE SECOND TITLE of Dr. Gerald Molloy's 'Gleanings in Science,' a series of popular lectures on scientific subjects, shows in a general way what the reader is to expect from its perusal. The author has an unusually good faculty of popularizing abstruse subjects. In the preparation and delivery of public lectures such a faculty is naturally called into play in its fullest form. The result is, that in the present volume we have the latest conclusions in some of the most difficult branches of physical science, set forth in a manner singularly lucid and attractive. The original lectures were illustrated by many experiments. The reader is, as far as possible, made present at these experiments by many pictures, accompanied by apt explanations. The lectures mainly treat of that branch of physics which is at present the most interesting of all—electrical science,—and more especially in its useful applications. Thus we have among the subjects 'lightning conductors,' 'the storing of electrical energy,' 'the electric light, etc., all comprising instruction of much practical value. Besides these, we learn of 'the modern theory of heat,' 'the sun as a storehouse of energy,' 'the glaciers of the Alps,' and other topics of similar interest. (\$2.25. Macmillan & Co.)

RUSSELL HINMAN'S 'Eclectic Physical Geography' comprises that wide range of science, or rather of sciences, now understood to be included under the name of physiography. It is, in fact, a 'description of nature,' beginning with the astronomy of the solar system, carried on through chemistry, mineralogy, geology, and biology, and so at length 'ending full in man.' These sciences are viewed in their connected or concrete form, as it may be styled. The chapters treat of 'the earth as a planet,' its atmosphere, sea and land, mountain structure, earthquakes and volcanoes, weather and climate, the various forms of life, and the like. We have in it, in short, a 'history of the earth and of animated nature,' such as Goldsmith (following Buffon) attempted; and a comparison of Mr. Hinman's volume with the works of these writers strikingly displays the immense advance which natural science has made in a little more than a century. The book is well arranged and clearly written, and is abundantly illustrated with good maps and woodcuts, remarkably well engraved. (\$1. Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co.)

DR. W. P. MANTON'S little treatise, describing the 'Primary Methods in Zoology Teaching,' forms one of his series of 'Practical Helps in Natural History.' Though designed especially for teachers, it will be useful to all who wish to verify and extend their book-knowledge of this science by the methods of experimental research. (50 cts. Lee & Shepard.)

A MOST EXCELLENT number of the Epochs of Modern History is Mr. O. Airy's 'English Restoration and Louis XIV.' The earlier chapters portray with admirable clearness the causes of the 'Fronde,' and the difficulties which beset Mazarin after the death of Louis XIII., the rebellion and defeat of Condi and the final Peace of the Pyrenees, which, like that of Westphalia, was epoch-making in the history of the French Monarchy. The following chapters deal with the relations between France, England, the Low Countries, Spain and the Empire down to the Peace of Nimeguen in 1678, with especial attention to the intrigues of Louis with Charles and the humiliating dependence of England upon France. This volume, which, like others of the Series, is judiciously divided not only into chapters, but entitled paragraphs, adds another monograph, brief, compact, and easy to be consulted, to the many which have preceded it under the efficient editorship of Mr. C. Colbeck. (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons. Longmans, Green & Co.)

Magazine Notes

A PORTRAIT of Washington in uniform, standing by his horse as if he had just dismounted, one arm thrown across the animal's back, the other resting on a cannon, is the frontispiece of the April *Magazine of American History*. The engraving is from a painting on copper belonging to Gen. J. Watts de Peyster. It was originally presented by John Quincy Adams to Carlo Botta, author of the 'History of American Independence,' and was purchased by Gen. de Peyster's father from the Botta family. The editor writes of 'Washington and some of his Contemporaries,' with portraits of John Langdon, Mrs. Rufus King and Gen. Lafayette. The romantic story of Adèle Hugo is recounted by the Hon. J. W. Longley; and Cyrus Thomas, Ph.D., has a learned and interesting article on the mound-builders and their works.

The second year of the *Ethical Record* (quarterly), of Philadelphia, opens well with the April number, devoted especially to the proposed scheme of the School of Philosophy and Applied Ethics. The leading article, by Felix Adler, sets forth the plan of the college, which should certainly call the attention of all earnest-minded thinkers and teachers, and which seems to open new horizons and new channels for moral enthusiasm. An article by Prof. Royce of Harvard, on 'The Practical Value of Philosophy,' and one by Dr. Ward, on 'The Scientific Treatment of Religion,' point to the direction of the work, and give valuable testimony as to its scope and importance. Strong letters of indorsement come from such men as Prof. William James, Prof. Thomas Davidson, Francis E. Abbot, O. B. Frothingham, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, W. C. Gannett, Rev. M. J. Savage and Rabbi Hirsch.

In *Poet-Lore* for March, Helen A. Clarke, apropos of 'Paracelsus,' and the 'Data of Ethics,' pictures to herself the gigantic figures of the Philosopher, Spencer, and the Poet, Browning, standing at the portals of the Infinite, one with a bunch of keys, the other with a lamp, which casts 'foreshadows' of a dim splendor on before it—a passage which as much needs explanation as anything in 'Paracelsus' or the 'Data of Ethics.' Dr. H. H. Furness, in a sensible article on 'The Study of Shakspeare,' argues that it is useless searching in the poet's writings for any indication of his character as a man. He will not even believe that the hero of the Sonnets is any more Shakspeare than is Shylock or Prospero or Lear. An appreciative notice of Walt Whitman's 'November Boughs' is the principal feature to be noted in the editorial departments for the month.

The Lounger

IF THERE is anything that should reconcile us to the fact that we have only Steinway and Chickering Halls for musical entertainments, it is the very thing that at first blush seems to be an argument against them—that is, the fact that only the Steinway or Chickering pianos may be played upon their platforms. After hearing such an instrument as Dr. Von Bülow plays upon at the Broadway Theatre, we appreciate hearing a good piano. And yet a card is published over Von Bülow's name extolling this piano above all others. Now nobody knows, or ought to know, better than he what are its shortcomings. Any amateur in his audience could tell him its deficiencies in a very few minutes. I heard Rubinstein play upon a worse piano at St. James's Hall, London, two summers ago. It was of some Russian make, and he insisted upon having it. The consequence was I thought his playing had fallen off wofully since I had heard him in this country.

DR. VON BÜLOW is a very nervous man, as every one knows and as most artists are. At a recent performance it was noticed that he left the stage in the middle of a piece, and returned with a stalwart mechanic who moved the piano some distance to the left; and that he then sat down and finished his performance. I have learned since what the difficulty was: The day was warm and the theatre warmer, and a lady who sat directly in the range of his vision was fanning herself vigorously—*against* time! He said that if she had only kept time with the music, he could have stood it but her false beat nearly drove him frantic. I only wonder that he didn't ask her to stop, instead of putting himself to the inconvenience of having his piano moved.

I AM GLAD to see that William Ernest Henley's collected poems, 'A Book of Verses,' issued in London last year by David Nutt, has met with sufficient success to warrant the publication of a new edition, with two or three new numbers in it. American readers will now have an opportunity of seeing the quality of Mr. Henley's work in verse; with his work as a prose-writer, they were already familiar, to some extent, through his contributions to *The Magazine of Art*, of which he was for some time the editor, and to which, indeed, he occasionally contributed a poem. I may say now, and in this connection, what I have not been at liberty to say before, and that is that Mr. Henley was Mrs. Walford's predecessor as THE CRITIC'S London correspondent, his interesting occasional letters extending over a period of two years (Feb. 27, 1886, to Feb. 4, 1888). The appreciative notice of his book that appeared in these columns last July was written by a reviewer who knew nothing of his former relations with the paper.

MR. HENLEY, though a Scotchman to the backbone, was never so firmly rooted to his native soil as to abstain from cultivating an intimate acquaintance with London and Paris. Whether he has many friends in either of those capitals, I do not know, but that he has very warm ones, I do. One of these is Robert Louis Stevenson, who dedicated to him his 'Virginibus Puerisque.' This very natural friendship came about rather casually, Mr. Henley being, when it began, an inmate of an Edinburgh hospital. It was at this time that he gathered the impressions that make 'In Hospital: Rhymes and Rhythms' the most striking thing in his 'Book of Verses.' His performance on a penny-whistle for the delectation of his fellow-sufferers is celebrated not only in his own book, but in Mr. Stevenson's 'Underwoods.' And it was with a quotation from a poem of his friend's that Mr. Stevenson brought to a close the last of his End Papers in *Scribner's*—the delightful 'Christmas Sermon.' Mr. Henley has broken away from London, and the independence of judgment and peculiarly literary flavor of his writing is easily to be detected in the editorial columns of the vigorous new Edinburgh review, *The Scots Observer*.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, a gentleman whose chief claim to distinction seems to be his periodical attacks upon his betters, after lying dormant for several years, has again made himself heard through the columns of *The Universal Review*. In this article Mr. Buchanan abuses a number of well-known writers, and at the end pretends to scathe himself, of whom he says: 'He dreamed wildly of fame, of fair women, of beautiful books; and when he read the masters he despaired.' But his despair did not keep him quiet, for he continued to write and print books which are the despair of those who read them. Now he rails at the pessimists, yet all their sourness and cynicism seem to be his. Mr. Buchanan has not won a very high place for himself in the ranks of contemporary *littérateurs*; but what he really needs to do is to mix a little lime-water with the milk of human kindness that now curdles in his breast.

I WONDER what can be the frame of mind of a man who can write in the style of one Dr. Hatcher, a Baptist clergyman, who has been visiting the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon at his home, Beulah Hill, just outside of London:

I did not ask him why he was living in such princely style, for it was none of my business, and, besides, I was sincerely pleased to see that the Lord had surrounded His busy and self-sacrificing servant with so many comforts. But it came to pass that in our free and unrestrained chat he broached the matter, and said that it had sometimes caused him anxiety. He then explained that he had never cared for such things. What he makes at Beulah-hill goes to the treasury of the Lord. I would gladly explain how this is done, but I can give only a single illustration of what I mean. While at the tea-table in his house I was served with a glass of milk. Having a seat near Mrs. Spurgeon, I ventured a pleasant reference to her magnificent cows which I had seen in the pasture. 'Not mine,' she said, 'they belong to our divine Lord, and I keep them for Him. All the milk which they give is sold and the

money put into His treasury, and even that milk which you are now drinking has been paid for.' Mrs. Spurgeon is a very devout woman.

A FRIEND who is travelling in South America sends me, without comment, a clipping from a native newspaper, which throws a very white side-light on the condition of the press in the equatorial republics. 'Redactor Encarcelado: ———; Redactores Responsables: ———.' 'Only this, and nothing more!' In what are called free countries—such countries as the United States, for instance,—it is generally thought sufficient to give the name of the editor (or editors) without explanatory prefix or affix; but in South America, it seems, a different classification has to be adopted, and a sharp line drawn between the 'imprisoned editor' and the one who is 'responsible' for the paper's utterances. Physically, the latter may be a free agent, but with the walls of the prison in which his co-editor languishes casting a shadow across his inkstand and blue-pencil, he is as effectually 'muzzled,' I should judge, as if he had just been appointed Minister to—Madagascar, say—and his nomination confirmed.

THE SAME traveller who sends me the above sends me also the following, which has little or no political significance, but shows that the English language is not as familiar as the Spanish to the printers of Caracas, Venezuela. It is an advertisement of a quack medicine, intended to catch the eye of the blind, as it were, and other English-speaking sufferers from ailments of the organ of sight:

TO THE BLINDS AND OTHER SIKS OF THE EYES

D. Blanco's Cineraria Indica

Especific accredited for the cure of *Catharats* and other deseases of he eyes.—Registered Trade mark by the Government of Venezuela.

Sole general agent for the sale of this drogue, Mr. *Rafael F. Miñor*. Caracas—Central Railwap Station.

Very soon shall be published several certifications from physici ans and patents.

If a 'blind' were to have his sight restored by this patent 'specific,' he would be too grateful to its inventor to criticise or ridicule his English; but a sound man, not suffering from cataract, or otherwise 'sick of the eyes,' may laugh at such a medley of misspellings with a clear conscience.

Boston Letter

THERE is a good deal of curiosity here to see how far the dramatic version of 'Robert Elsmere,' which is to be presented at the Hollis Street Theatre this evening, differs from the text and spirit of the novel. It is generally admitted that the author's conception of the story must be completely disregarded to make a success of the play. I notice that the theatrical posters exhibit such decidedly sensational situations as to suggest that this is a melodrama of a lurid type, rather than a would-be religious play. In fact, though the name of the novel is retained for advertising purposes, its character is somewhat ludicrously presented in the description of the play on the bill-board, as 'a new four-act society drama.'

The fact that this dramatization of a religious story is to be enacted in a building which was altered over from a church, adds another to the complications of the matter; and the comic side of it is reinforced by the fact that the first pastor of this church—which, by the way, was where Starr King used to preach—was that noted clerical wag, the Rev. Mather Byles. Though his Tory proclivities finally brought about his separation from his parish, he had no sympathy with prelacy, which was then almost tantamount to devotion to the Crown. The temptation to have his joke at the representatives of 'the Church' was so strong on him, that on being visited at his death-bed by two distinguished Episcopal divines, and asked by one of them how he felt, he replied, with caustic wit, 'I feel that I am going where there are no bishops.'

John Fiske is not only an able and interesting historical writer, but he is getting to be a prolific one, to judge from the fact that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to bring out toward the close of this month a book of his entitled 'The War of Independence,' which will follow close on the publication of his 'Beginnings of New England,' to which I recently referred.

A new series of books, soon to be issued by the same firm, is designed to meet the demand for literature for the young, of a healthful and invigorating character. The series, which is entitled the Riverside Library for Young People, is intended especially for boys and girls who are laying the foundation of private libraries. History, biography, mechanics, travel, natural history, and adventure, will form the principal portion of the Library, but fiction of the best class will be admitted to it. Illustrations will be used when the subject requires them; history and travel will be accompanied by maps; history and biography by portraits. 'The War for Inde-

pendence,' by John Fiske, is the first book of the series, and the others issued this spring will be 'George Washington: an Historical Biography,' by Horace E. Scudder, a work on which the author has spent a good many years; 'Birds through an Opera-Glass,' by Florence A. Merriam; and 'Up and Down the Brooks,' by Mary E. Bamford.

Early in May, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish 'The Life of Washington,' in two volumes, by Henry Cabot Lodge. They will appear in the American Statesmen Series, and if they possess the interesting qualities and the judicial fairness which mark the author's 'Daniel Webster,' in the same series, they will have a deserved popularity.

'The Story of Patsy,' which the above-mentioned firm will soon publish, is the latest book by Kate Douglas Wiggin, a California woman who wrote that very successful story, 'The Birds' Christmas Carol.' The new story is said to be marked by the naturalness, and bright and cheery spirit, set off by touches of pathos, which characterize the previous one.

Roberts Bros. are to publish, in the course of a month, 'By Leafy Ways: Brief Studies in the Book of Nature,' by F. A. Knight, an English author who has entered into the spirit of rural life in the 'West Country.' His sketches of the scenes in this region are marked by accurate observation and systematic insight, the touch of the poet rather than the man of science giving color to his descriptions. In fact, one of his countrymen of kindred tastes regards him as equal to Jefferies in his loving intimacy with Nature, as well as his superior in point of culture. The illustrations of the regions described are numerous and beautiful.

'Miss Eyre from Boston, and Others,' a series of stories by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, is another book which the same firm will issue in about a month. They are light, graceful stories, for summer reading, some of which have been published before, and will serve as a companion to 'Ourselves and Our Neighbors,' which was brought out last year.

The second volume of Renan's 'History of the People of Israel,' from the reign of David to the capture of Samaria, will be issued shortly by Roberts Bros. This work is the forerunner of the author's Life of Christ, and is marked by his usual graces of style, learning and critical acumen. A new edition of Mary Cowden Clarke's novelette, 'A Rambling Story,' is in preparation by this firm.

I hear that Mr. Wm. H. Bishop, who is residing in Paris, has written a preliminary sketch of the Exposition, criticising some of the notable contributions. It is entitled 'The Exhibition in Dishabille,' and will appear in the May number of *The Atlantic*.

Mr. Robert Grant has returned from his trip to Florida, where he went on a vacation, to try his hand at tarpon fishing, which he is to describe for *Scribner's*. He is an experienced fisherman, as readers of his last very successful boys' book know, and has caught some noble salmon in Canadian waters; but he never landed anything near so large as the tarpon which he took with rod and reel in the City of Charlotte harbor, Florida. It was six feet in length, and weighed 132 pounds.

Much sympathy is felt for Dr. Holmes in the loss of his only daughter, Mrs. Turner Sargent, who will be remembered by readers of 'A Hundred Days in Europe' (in which she is referred to as 'A') as an invaluable assistant to him. She was a woman of fine character and marked benevolence. Her husband died some years ago, and Mrs. Sargent leaves no children. Dr. Holmes's son (who bears his name, and is the youngest Judge of our Supreme Court) and his wife are to live with the poet for the future.

I hear that Mr. Laurence Hutton is going abroad for a visit of six or eight months.

BOSTON, April 8, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

Dr. Gudbrand Vigfússon

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

It was my privilege, during the summer of '79, to be intimately associated with that foremost of Scandinavian scholars, Gudbrand Vigfússon. I had come to Oxford from the Continent with the intention of studying English literature, but only to learn that the opportunities then afforded by the English Universities were of a very meagre character. As I was about to leave Oxford, Prof. Max Müller said: 'If you ever intend to study the Scandinavian languages, you cannot find a better instructor than our Dr. Vigfússon.' I took the card of introduction, sought the Doctor in his simple rooms on St. John's Road, and the result of our conversation was, that I was soon installed under the same roof and in daily, indeed almost hourly, contact with him, from July until mid December. I do not here intend to speak of the scholar, but of the man and friend as he was revealed to me during those weeks of intimate

companionship. He was one of the simplest and truest men I have ever known. Abhorring all self-assertion and all sham, his life was given with entire concentration to the study of his beloved native literature, and he asked nothing in return beyond the barest sustenance. Even from me, his pupil, he would accept only the free gift of a few books. His Icelandic library numbered at most two hundred volumes, but he seemed scarcely to require the printed page. For the whole body of old Norse literature lived in his mind, as it perhaps never will in the mind of another, and in his hours of reflection he was pondering over some unsolved Saga-problem or the obscurities of the Eddic verse. Anon, as a flash of light, came to him the explanation of the riddle and stirred within him all the enthusiasm of a new and rich discovery.

But with all this entirety of consecration, he was in no sense what we call a bookworm. While he entertained an almost reverential feeling for the path-breakers in modern philology, he looked with contempt and pity upon that dry-as-dust scholarship which affects to condemn the art side of language. Sensitive to the intimate beauties of poetic literature, he knew that the thought to which the words strive to give expression is greater and grander than the words.

He was a lover of Nature. There is not a high road or a field path leading out of Oxford in any direction, that we have not repeatedly followed together for many miles, and a hundred times I suppose we have rowed or walked to Godstow. Fresh from all contamination of sordid desire, free, as the fewest are, from all stain and soil of the world, he was glad as a child in the presence of nature, not ruminating in the free out-of-doors undigested book-lore, but calling my attention to the sport of the rooks, to the fresh growth of the ivy, to the play of light and shade on the College green-swards, in a word to all the varying aspects of a rich English landscape.

It was our almost unvarying custom to take a longer stroll on Sunday afternoons, stopping for a bread and tea supper in some hostelry, miles from Oxford, and returning with the in-breaking night. During all those weeks I never knew him once too pre-occupied or too fatigued mentally to be other than a delightful companion. Last summer, on my way to Iceland, I visited him again, the first time in seven years, and we had one of our old-time rows up to Godstow, and then a stroll through that quaint, beautiful hamlet just beyond, set in its ivy-mantled stone walls.

A few weeks since I received a letter, written by his collaborator and our mutual friend, Mr. Powell, at Dr. Vigfússon's dictation. The Doctor was upon his death-bed, and fully aware of his condition. It was therefore a letter of farewell. Filled from beginning to end with friendly counsels, there was not a word of self more than what was absolutely necessary to let me understand that he was sick. And he would not have me commiserate him. My reply must ignore his serious condition. Before it reached Oxford, a good man and a true had passed away in sleep.

CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, March 16, 1889.

The Fine Arts

Japanese Art at the Grolier Club

JAPANESE wood-engraving and block-printing are perhaps less known in this country than any other branch of Japanese art. There are few collectors who make a specialty of the illustrated books, albums and colored prints of Japan; and yet in no other way can so much be learned of that interesting country and its people. The present exhibition, at the Grolier Club, of Mr. Shugio's comprehensive collection will open a new field to art-lovers of catholic tastes, who will find in the best Japanese prints a charm of expression not to be found in our own woodcuts of any period, combined with remarkable richness of color. The collection covers the entire period from the Sixteenth Century to the present time. There are story-books, in the English language and with colored pictures, printed last year, as well as a terrific view in colors of last year's great eruption of the Bantai volcano. There is a comic print of the dinner given to our Admiral Perry, whose amazement and disgust at being expected to eat live fish are unmistakably shown in his attitude and countenance. There is a copy of the Japanese society novel, 'The Two Modern Husbands,' with pictures of gentlemen dressed in American 'store' clothes; and from these one may pass to the gorgeous robes of old Japan as shown in a series of portraits of celebrated actors hung upon the walls. The oldest book bears date 1553, and the collection has examples of all the noted modern artists in this line—of Moronobu, Morikuni, Sukenobu, Katsukawa Shunshu, Katsushika Hokusai and Keisai Yeisen. Hokusai's 'Hundred views of Fuji-yama,' showing the famous mountain literally from a hundred unexpected points of view—through a fisherman's net hung up to dry, reflected in a pilgrim's

pocket mirror, gleaming with new fallen snow or black against a twilight sky,—and his ghosts, rising with many convolutions out of a water tank, peering in at an open window, or shining like a lantern through the dusk, fully maintain his reputation; while some of the older and less fantastic pictures in black and white, of children at play, girls telling secrets, and ladies and gentlemen in court dress, show a grace of line and a naive directness of treatment which make them comparable to the old Italian Sixteenth Century cuts; but they are usually on a larger scale.

Art Notes

THE April *Art Amateur* is one of the best numbers ever issued of that excellent publication. The colored plates are a study of apples by Victor Dagon, remarkable for rich color and masterly handling; and a 'Fern Decoration' for coffee-cup and saucer, in green and gold. Drawings of grasses, wild rose and candy-tuft are also given for china decoration. There is an amply illustrated article on pen-drawing for photo-engraving, and papers on 'Illusion in Painting,' on 'Screens' and on 'Metal Work and Etching.' The several departments of needlework, the House, the Atelier, etc., are uncommonly well filled, and the Note-Book has the latest art gossip of Paris and New York.

—Messrs. H. G. Marquand and William A. Coffin, Chairman and Manager, respectively, of the Centennial Loan Exhibition of historical portraits and felices, at the Metropolitan Opera House, have issued a circular asking for contributions. Their office is at 280 Broadway.

—The beginning of the sale of the Dürcal collection of Old Masters, for some time on exhibition at the American Art Galleries, was postponed until last Wednesday evening. The owner, the Duque de Dürcal, fixed 'upset' prices on the most valuable of the paintings, putting Murillo's 'Virgin Mary' at \$30,000; Snyders' 'Wild Boar Hunt' and Teniers' 'Village Festival' at \$10,000 each, and Tiepolo's 'Allegory of the Plague' and the anonymous 'St. Luke Painting the Portrait of the Virgin' at \$8000 each.

—It is said that Mr. Havemeyer paid over \$75,000 for Rembrandt's 'Gilder,' which he has presented to the Metropolitan Museum. It is understood that Mr. Schaus, from whom he bought it, paid at least \$40,000 for it, and was taxed over \$12,000 by the Government when he brought it into the country.

—A lady of this city submitted to the Salmagundi Club, at a meeting held on Friday of last week, an offer to insert in her will a clause creating a fund of \$50,000, of which officers of the Club are to be the trustees, the interest on which shall be used in giving assistance to artists who are sick or otherwise in distress. Needless to say, the generous proposition was cordially accepted. The lady does not care to have her name made known.

—Col. F. Grant, who will write on 'The Royal Academy' in *Harper's* for May, is not our Minister to Austria, but the son of the late Sir Francis Grant, Sir Frederick Leighton's predecessor as President of the Academy.

—The 'National Academy Notes,' containing a catalogue of the present exhibition at the Academy of Design, is fully illustrated with reproductions from drawings of their paintings by the artists themselves, or in some instances by direct reproductions of the paintings by the Kurtz ortho-chromatic process. There are also personal notices of the artists, a sketch of the membership, government, etc., of the Academy, and a chapter on the art attractions of New York. The book, now in its ninth year, is edited by Mr. Charles M. Kurtz. (50 cts. Cassell & Co.)

—'The new nomenclature recently adopted by Sir Frederick Burton at the National Gallery, of which Mr. Gathorne Hardy complained in the House of Commons, is not so much "fanciful" as pedantic,' says *The Pall Mall Gazette*. Here are the principal alterations made on the frames:—

OLD STYLE	NEW
Michael Angelo.	M. A. Buonarrotti.
Francia.	F. Raibolini.
Paolo Veronese.	Caliari.
Titian.	Vecellio.
Giorgione.	Barbarelli.
Correggio.	Allegri.
Gaspar Poussin.	Dughet.
Claude.	Gellée.

'To Substitute for the popular and well-known names of the old style the comparatively obscure patronymics of the new is surely a piece of unnecessary pedantry, if ever there were one. But if the pedants must be preferred to the general public, might not the authorities consult the convenience of the latter, at least so far as to print the

familiar titles alongside of the others? In one case this is done, thus: "Francesco Raibolini [FRANCIA]." Mr. Gathorne Hardy's objections would be met if this compromise were adopted throughout.

The Modern Comic Newspaper *

[Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in *The Contemporary Review*.]

THE special province of the old masques and buffoons, as popular types, was the stage. Caricature and burlesque would be more than useless if they were not publicly heard and seen. In mediæval days song and sculpture answered the purpose to a limited extent. It was on the stage, however, that the largest audience could best be secured, until the invention of newspapers. These exert a far more extended influence than was ever possible to theatrical performances. People go to them for the peculiar fun and pasquinades that once were to be had in greatest perfection in the theatre. Even in Italy, the home of Pulcinello and Arlecchino, papers begin to take their place. Venetians laugh less often at Pantaleone or Facanappa than at the unpronounceable oracle which speaks to them through the paper bearing its name. Romans have practically forgotten Spavento or Matamoras while they read the news from the *Capitan Fracasse*. In Florence the *Diavolo Rosso* is no mean rival to Stenterello, consequently, as a rule, it is in newspapers and not on the stage modern types have their greatest success. It was in *Charivari* the famous Robert Macaire figured to such good purpose over thirty years ago. 'A compound of Fielding's "Blueskin" and Goldsmith's "Beau Tibbs,"' Thackeray describes him, and goes on to say:—

He has the dirt and dandyism of the one, and the ferocity of the other; sometimes he is made to swindle, but where he can get a shilling more, M. Macaire will murder without scruple; he performs one and the other act (or any in the scale between them) with a similar bland imperturbability, and accompanies his actions with such philosophical remarks as may be expected from a person of his talents, his energies, his amiable life and character.

A caricature of the clever impudent roguery, in his time too common in France, as his companion Bertrand was of stupid roguery, he was, moreover, the mouthpiece for all reflections on 'prevailing cant, knavery, quackery, humbug.' As Thackeray concludes, we are not to judge of the French nation by Macaire, 'but upon the morals and the national manners, works of satire afford a world of light that one would in vain look for in regular books of history.' It is to be feared the disappearance of this French rogue was not the sign of that of the French sins and extravagances he ridiculed. In *Fliegende Blätter*, Dr. Eisele, and his pupil, Baron Beisele, were introduced to the public. The former was for Germany what the Dottore was for Bologna. In the home of professors their weak as well as their strong points are best appreciated. As during the Middle Ages men's faith was so firm they could afford to laugh at religion, so in a country like Germany learning is held in such profound respect it can be ridiculed without danger. A professor, to fulfil his chief end, must have pupils. And so Dr. Eisele was accompanied by the noble Baron in his travels through Germany. Almost always, like Macaire and Bertrand, they appeared together.

But the name of these newspaper successors of the old masques is legion. In England alone there is a goodly number. In *Punch*, types like Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, Postlethwaite and the Cimabue Browns have been represented from time to time; in *Fun* the British Workman was long a well-established character. A dozen other examples will be recalled at once by any one who has looked into the comic papers of late. *Punch*, *Fun* and *Judy* themselves fulfil to a certain extent the functions of the old masques. But, within the last twenty years, there has arisen a new English character, which is a more genuine creation of the people than *Punch*, more real than *Judy* or *Fun*, possessing a more marked identity than the British Workman, appealing to a much less limited class than the Cimabue Browns, Postlethwaite, or Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, and therefore having already a stronger hold upon the public at large than any of these, all of whom it promises to outlive. This character is Ally Sloper.

Even Englishmen of culture must have noticed everywhere on news' stands a paper called *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday*. If they have glanced at it, it has probably been to pronounce it vulgar and to wonder who bought it. It must be admitted it is not elegant or cultured in tone. The text is not literary, even if Ally Sloper does pose as the *Eminent Litterateur*; the jests and smaller illustrations have no particular merit, or have been laughed at before; the front page drawing, extremely clever as it is, is not to the taste of *Punch* subscribers or Du Maurier admirers. The paper is pre-eminently a publication for the people. And herein lies its great-

est excellence. It is because Ally Sloper appeals to the masses, to whom Mrs. de Tomkyns' social troubles and Postlethwaite's ideals — phases of fashion of the few — would be so many riddles, that he has gained his present ascendancy, and will probably retain it. The old masques achieved popularity because they typified infirmities and absurdities based, not upon fashion, but upon human nature, and were in sympathy with the unlettered majority as well as the cultured elect. A prince and a peasant could laugh at the stupidity or intrigues of Arlecchino, or at the fears and stinginess of Pantaleone. And in like manner the human follies, personified by Ally Sloper, can not only be appreciated by the audience to whom he particularly addresses himself, but also by the men and women who enjoy the humors of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns and Postlethwaite, could they forget for a moment their artificial refinement. As a reflection of the people who laugh at him, his moral value is no less than that of the Italian or French masques, and, therefore, were he not funny, his relative importance and significance should, to the student of men, outbalance stupidity or vulgarity. The story of his rise and development and the analysis of his character would for this reason alone be worthy of record. But he has, moreover, all the interest that must necessarily belong to an original creation — whatever it may be — in this age of imitation. Even those whose prejudices against the present are strong would be repaid by the study, since in tracing his growth to its very origin the evolution of the old masques and buffoons can be more readily understood. Well-known as are the relations of Arlecchino and Brighella to the lower and upper town of Bergamo, of Pantaleone to Venice, and so on, the manner of their first appearance and immediate cause of their establishment as characters in the *Commedia dell'Arte* are not so easy of explanation. But Ally Sloper is such a recent creation the process of his development can be examined in all its stages.

The examination shows that in his case the personification of failings was as unconscious as the need of which it was the result. His introduction to the public was a chance; his growth from an insignificant beginning into a popular type, a case of the survival of the fittest. A drunken good-for-nothing, blind to his own absurdities and shortcomings, he commenced his career as the hero of a penny dreadful which, unfortunately for its author, had but little success. Whether the latter thought the public at fault or whether his power of invention was limited, it would be difficult to determine; but certain it is that the same hero, under the new name of Ally Sloper, soon tried his fortunes a second time, now, however, not alone but in company with *Judy's* weekly jesters. The success or failure of one particular comic picture or jest in a weekly paper is not as easily or as soon discovered as that of a book. It was impossible to know if Ally Sloper's second reception was more cordial than his first. But it was thought worth while to give him a third chance, then a fourth, a fifth, a tenth, a twentieth, even a hundredth. No protests being made, he was finally as regularly established on *Judy's* staff as Arlecchino or Pulcinello was in the *Commedia dell'Arte*. Though other characters appearing at the same time died a natural death, he gained new life with each number. Though other jests grew old with repetition, his follies never lost their first freshness.

While this continued success presupposes his merit as a comic character in the beginning, it depended mainly upon the fact that he was made a reality rather than an abstraction. He was given a name; his features never varied from week to week. He might have been called anything else with the same results. The name itself, if in a measure appropriate, is of small consequence. Scholars may dispute the origin of the word Arlequin, for example. They may prove its derivation from Achille de Harlay, or from *Harle* or *Herle*; but it is more than likely that, as in the case of Ally Sloper, its use as the name of the jester was a mere accident, arising from the desire to secure his definite personality. The features of the modern type, however, were less accidental. They had to a certain extent to correspond to his character. The bald head and abnormally large nose spoke as clearly of dissipated habits as the gin-bottle peeping from the old man's pockets. But no features could have appealed more strongly to the human sense of ridicule. An exaggerated nose has always been a recognized element of the comic, as is proved not only by old Roman gems, Pompeian frescoes, mediæval grotesques and modern valentines, but by the part it has played on the stage. Roman *mimi* and Italian and French masques never tired of wearing it, because people's enjoyment in it never ceased. The Venetian Facanappa, the French Gaultier Garguille, Giangurgolo Pulcinello, and as many more, made it their one most marked feature. Therefore, with Ally Sloper it was not only an outward sign of an inward infirmity, but a conventional symbol of his comic functions. His costume answered the same double purpose. The old battered hat, the bulging umbrella, the stock tied carelessly behind, the

* Continued from March 16, and concluded.

shabby coat with the gin bottle ever in the pocket, expressed his good-for-nothingness, and were ridiculous in themselves. Shabby and disreputable though they were, his clothes did not detract from his reality. They now seem gross caricatures, but so do the finest gowns and bonnets, coats and trousers in old-fashioned plates. Like Arlecchino's and Pulcinello's costumes, originally they were not out of keeping with those of the day. It is easy to fancy just such an old man as the Ally Sloper of the early pictures shuffling along the Commercial road or the New Cut.

Thus figuring again and again with the same name, character, features and clothes, he began to seem less an imaginary than a real person. In the end the chief humour in the story told of him was his personality. As with the imbecile mistakes of Arlecchino, the cowardice of the Capitaine Fracasse, the pedantry of the Dottore, so with his disreputable drunkenness; it would not have been so funny in any one else. People did not weary of the monotony in Ally Sloper's absurd career, because they learned to welcome him as an old friend. Beginning by laughing at the adventures of which he was the hero, they finished by laughing because he was the hero of the adventures. They looked forward to his latest scrape or newest departure with an interest in him personally not unlike that with which devoted Conservatives might follow in their newspaper the political tactics of a Lord Randolph Churchill. And so it came to pass that, as Frenchmen at one time counted no play complete that had not its Pierrot, and as Florentines still hold the presence of Stenterello to be essential to every comedy and tragedy, so Ally Sloper in a few years became as indispensable a figure in *Judy* as the old lady herself.

It was a strong proof of his increasing hold upon popular favor when the space allowed him in her columns no longer seemed sufficient. But three or four years after his first appearance a series of Sloper books was begun, and his personality was accentuated by making him their editor. Just as *Punch*, having secured a certain standing, is still accepted as a comic paper, so Ally Sloper, having established his reputation as a humorist, was successful in his literary experiments, even when he was a trifle dull. It is but fair to add there is not much to reproach him with on this score. In turning over the back numbers of *Judy*, of which these books are chiefly republications, the wonder is the jest could be so well sustained. The establishment of *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday* as a weekly paper in 1884, seventeen years after his creation in *Judy*, marks an era in his career. His ability to stand alone on his own merits puts him at once on a definite footing as a rival to *Punch*, *Judy*, and *Fun*. He may be said with this event to have achieved his growth, and to have ceased becoming to be the great modern jester or popular type of England.

This positive stage having been reached, he could be given greater license in many ways. His personality was now strong enough to be an attraction in itself, and there was no danger of lessening interest in him by heightening the caricatures. In the *Half Holiday* the bald head and nose have been exaggerated until they are little more truthful to Nature than the hooked nose and pointed hump of *Punch*. For a like reason the hat and umbrella and stock have never been modified by fashion; moreover they can be occasionally laid aside. Mr. *Punch* sometimes wears a silk hat and frock coat like any other gentleman; Stenterello, so long as he keeps his queue, and the lines on his face, and has one front tooth missing, can figure as a modern Florentine. The more strongly caricatured were the features of Ally Sloper, the less dependent was he on his clothes for identification, while it was only more ridiculous to make him appear at appropriate seasons in Highland dress, or Eton collar and jacket, in boating flannels or racing jerseys. Only the gin bottle from the second step or picture has been always with him, on Scotch moors as in Eton cloisters, on the race track as on the Thames. And now also the circumstances in which he was represented had not, as at first, to explain his character; they had only to emphasize his absurdity. This was really the first sign of his development into a typical character. It is the privilege or function of popular types to move with all sorts and conditions of men. *Punch* is not thought to be more out of place in Parliament than on his little murderous stage. Pulcinello in Naples, and Stenterello in Florence, are at home in whatever society their manager sees fit to put upon his boards. All classes, high or low, are alike to them. Sometimes, indeed, the jesters have varied not only the rank of their associates but their own. Polichinelle, while he continued to be Polichinelle, in his good sense, his ready sally, his irrepressible laugh, could be Turk or magician, mason or Don Quixote. Now he was the lover, now the bridegroom, now the father. Thus each character widened his range of sympathies and multiplied indefinitely the occasions for laughter. Already in the later numbers of *Judy*, the presence alone of Ally Sloper was considered a joke, and consequently he could go anywhere and everywhere. Now he was on the battlefield during

the Franco-Prussian war, umbrella and gin bottle flying in opposite directions as he ran at the first sound of the cannon; now he was in African wilds, a peacock's feather in his old grey hat, hobnobbing with savages. The more incongruous the surroundings the more humorous the jest. In the *Half Holiday* one week he is at Windsor or Marlborough House, congratulating or dining with princes; another, mingling with the unemployed in Trafalgar Square. To-day he is in the theatre making himself agreeable to ballet dancers; to-morrow, on his way to church, prayer-book under one arm, his wife on the other. He is actively interested in all the affairs of the day. He observes each season with appropriate celebrations, and is always present at any public event or rejoicing. On Christmas Day he eats his plum pudding, on February 14 he receives his valentines. He drives down to Epsom Downs for the Derby, veil tied about his hat, luncheon in his hampers; he is the prominent figure at Hammer-smith during the Oxford and Cambridge race; he is sure to row to Henley for the Regatta; he is the real sight of the Lord Mayor's Show. At the elections he is found in the midst of the riots; at the opening of Parliament he makes his maiden speech. Lord's Cricket Ground, Wimbledon, Margate, see him in turn. In his comprehensive interests he is not unworthy of the initials F.O.M. (*i.e.*, Friend of Man), which, together with M.P., T.O.E., P.B., T.W.M., whatever these may mean, follow his name.

Once a character is acknowledged as a jester, everything appertaining to him is accredited with a humorous value. The clown's whitened face is not his least witticism. And so, just as certain pious folk associate the idea of sanctity with even a thread from a saint's garment, believers in Ally Sloper could and can still see fun in the slightest possession attributed to him. Before he was two years old, the hat and umbrella had become standard jokes, as sacred symbols to his admirers, as Pulcinello's mask, Stenterello's queue, Harlequin's wand, to theirs. Even old broken combs, worn-out toothbrushes, raise a laugh when exhibited as his. This being the case, it is but natural that the members of his household seem beings of infinite jest. That he has a family is a matter of course. It is additional evidence of his reality, another occasion for laughter. *Punch's* chance of fun would not have been half so great had he not had a wife and baby to murder, and a Toby to run after him. Pantaleone might have been a bore had he not had two pretty daughters to play him false. A few of the Sloper connection are funny in themselves; others, like the old combs and toothbrushes, are only laughable because of their relationship to the chief jester; and still others are not ridiculous at all, but serve to point a contrast and stimulate the public interest by making a plot for the comedy. Ally Sloper's pretty daughter, Tootsie, and her lover, Lord Bob, though less romantic in name and the manner of their wooing, are nothing more than the modern Isabella and Leandro. There are twenty-two of these characters who take their place in the weekly drama of the *Half Holiday* with the same regularity with which Pantaleone, Arlecchino, Isabella and Leandro walked the boards together. It may at times be wondered why the characters and situations in the *Commedia dell'Arte* never varied; why one great actor after another became the Pulcinello or Pierrot of the old comedy instead of creating a new rôle. But people are naturally conservative in these matters, and never tire of favorite characters. No innovation was made because none was wanted. Ally Sloper's family, now it has been established, will probably not diminish, though it may increase in number.

In this respect, as in others, the English are the most conservative of men. Slow to understand a new joke, they are equally slow to part with one that has been mastered. The wit of the circus or pantomime clown is as old as his costume. This is the secret of his success. His audiences know when and where to laugh; they need not be bewildered by the unexpected. Consequently, nothing could be stronger proof of Ally Sloper's present assured popularity than the fact that he is rapidly taking the place of these old favorites. He has extended his field of action from the newspaper, the sphere of modern types, to the stage, that of the earlier typical characters. Hereafter he must be included in the history of masques and buffoons of the theatre. At the Surrey, the Standard, the Britannia, he was this year the principal feature of the burlesque, though, as often happened with Polichinelle, a different name was given him. By him pantaloons and the clown have been cast into the shade. But indeed the old pantomime is yearly becoming of less importance, while the burlesque is developing into the main performance of the Christmas show. The house to-day is comparatively empty when the famous company of other generations begins its round of mischief and magic. At Drury Lane last Christmas there was no columbine, and without columbine harlequin has lost half his power to charm. But after all they and pantaloons were originally foreign importations; their real character forgotten in their new home, and they can be allowed to go now that there is a genuine English creation to succeed them. In the circus ring, as

well as on the stage, Ally Sloper promises to be retained as chief-jester, the clowns of Covent Garden and Hengler's having borrowed his costume. At almost all amateur entertainments—of the people, be it understood—at Jarley's wax-work shows, ventriloquist performances, masquerades, and fancy-dress parties, there is as sure to be an Ally Sloper as there must always be a Pulcinello to lead the Carnival revels.

Since these popular types were always the outcome of a need to personify instincts, common to many men in the first place, but peculiarly distinctive of the town or country in which each was evolved, it remains to show that Ally Sloper in his moral significance, as in his actions, deserves to be ranked with them. His character presents none of the complexity and psychical problems that are the study of modern novelists, but is as simple and as easily analyzed as that of Pantaleone or the Dottore. In the words of the man who knows him best, namely his editor, he 'is a person with a strong taste for unsweetened gin, whose delight it is to go about in all sorts of society, both high and low.' But this friendliness or sociability, as has been explained, is less characteristic of Ally Sloper than a necessity, in a type which to interest men must be represented not isolated, but holding definite relations with human beings. His love of gin, therefore, is his predominant passion. However often he may change his costume, or however much his later adventures may differ from those of early days, in which Ikey Moses, a swindling Jew, was his boon companion, the gin-bottle always peeps conspicuously from his pocket. It is as responsible for his chronic state of poverty and shabbiness as it is for the unhealthiness of his features; and because it blunts his moral sense, it, and not natural dishonesty, is the real source of his unprincipled adventures. His rogueries are really the outcome of his intemperance, and not of a separate vice. In the *Half Holiday*, when it is no longer necessary to tell a story about him, he ceases to be dishonest. Furthermore, like the average Englishman, either from stupidity or an instinct of honesty, Ally Sloper is less ingenious in inventing crimes that deceive than men of other nationality or race. As a rule, his swindling schemes were suggested by Ikey Moses.

But, however slow or stupid or unwillingly hampered by inherited tendencies he may be in the conception of ideas, he is earnest enough in his attempts to realize those of others. He has all the earnestness of a man convinced of his own importance, a conviction that, because of his deficient sense of humour, never deserts him. His seriousness throughout—even his editor has pointed it out—is his only other leading characteristic. It is quite as marked as his intemperance. To ignore it is to miss the principal key to his character. Ikey Moses comes to propose his tricks with a smile upon his face; he sees a humorous side to his villainy, and enjoys it. But Ally Sloper listens and consents to the most villainous schemes with as much solemnity as if he were considering the evangelization of Italy or the conversion of the heathen. Ikey Moses, no matter what the result of his villainy, would turn the laugh against the people he fools; Ally Sloper, were his folly successful, would still be more ridiculous than his victim. Half the fun of his adventures depends upon the seriousness with which he takes himself. It shuts his eyes to his absurdity and roguery; he is so unconscious of his dishonesty that he becomes almost honest. Like a genuine Briton, he takes his amusement as well as his work seriously. He has the reputation of being the most kicked-out man in Europe. But not all the kicks in the world can diminish his complacent self-respect. No one needs more than he the gift to see himself as others see him.

If, then, he does realize the moral ends of a popular type, and sets up to public laughter the leading follies and failings of the people, it follows that a national vice of England is intemperance; a national characteristic seriousness. That this is the case few will dispute. It does not necessarily imply that every Englishman drinks more than is good for him and is preternaturally serious. The existence of Pantaleone does not prove stinginess in every individual merchant of Venice, where probably there has been more than one Antonio; nor that of Pulcinello indolence in every man and woman in Naples, that town being one of the most thriving in Italy. But these types deal with the weakness of the many rather than the strength of the few. As surely as parsimony was a failing among a class of Venetians, and laziness still is a Neapolitan shortcoming, so intemperance is the great curse of modern England, despite ingenious reasoners who would prove that only the drunken nations of to-day are the progressive nations, and to whom therefore England's drunkenness is a sign of her glory. If virtues were to be personified, an incomparably beautiful and noble Britannia would no doubt be evolved. But as the question now is one of vice, it cannot be denied that a long-suffering people, for whom the proposition to tax their drink is the signal to rise against a popular Ministry, is not inappropriately caricatured by a good-natured old man, whose first thought is his gin-bottle. But the national intemper-

ance is so constantly insisted upon by moralists and political economists, to say nothing of Blue-ribbonites and total abstainers, that for present purposes it may be accepted as a fact without further demonstration. That to it is to be referred much of the poverty and good-for-nothingness, genteel and otherwise, throughout the country, seems equally indisputable; and when Mr. Romeike has collected the answers to the questions in his circulars distributed to unsuccessful and, as he hopes, communicative Englishmen, it may be further established by much positive evidence. Indeed, this public-spirited inquisitor may then also be able to show that, with the people, as with Ally Sloper, the gin-bottle is responsible not only for poverty, but dishonesty as well.

Englishmen themselves are too ready to admit their 'dismal seriousness' to need Mr. Romeike to collect the proofs of its existence. It is so self-evident a truth that to set about proving it would be as useless here as to give a statistical demonstration that the number of public-houses in London is out of all sober proportion to the number of inhabitants in the same city. If this seriousness was maintained only in great affairs, its personification would be admirable rather than ridiculous, since to it is unquestionably to be attributed much of English greatness. But when it is adhered to in the lightest amusement as in the gravest duty, in the most absurd undertaking as in the most glorious enterprise, then it becomes the reason of the more obvious English follies. The real Englishman may not be quite stolid enough to submit to continual kicks with the Sloper indifference. John Bull is always eager to resent insults abroad. For that matter Italians and French, though they laughed at their Spavento and Capitaine Fracasse, never could be accused, as a nation, of cowardice. But wherever class distinctions are as rigidly marked and observed as in England, there is a tendency among the lower orders, especially those that are not at the very foot of the social ladder, to bear the snubs and even insults of their social superiors without the slightest diminution of self-respect. Indeed, the more carefully Ally Sloper's character is analyzed, the more certain it is that had England's worst enemies been bent upon turning her to ridicule they could not have hit upon a more appropriate caricature. Englishmen have done for themselves that which they would never have forgiven any one else for doing for them.

Thus it is seen that in every way Ally Sloper fulfils the functions and requirements of the characters of the *Commedia dell'Arte* and of the types of all ages. It may perhaps be urged that he is not a creation of the people, since not they but a professional humorist is directly responsible for his existence. But it is really their acceptance of him rather than the cleverness of his creator that made him what he is. It can therefore truly be said that while the cultured of the present generation have been busy proving their powers of imitation, this unconscious evolution of a popular type has established the claims of the people to originality.

Current Criticism

MRS. BURNETT'S TIMELY PROTEST.—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has a forcible and moving letter in *THE CRITIC* for March 2 on the shameless way in which any one who has written a good book or a good play must expect to be treated by the newspapers in this country. It is not customary for a person who has made himself so interesting to the public that the reporter feels it a duty to describe the minutest details of his life, and to invent them if he cannot discover them, to make any protest against such outrageous treatment; but Mrs. Burnett has reached the conclusion that patient endurance is perhaps not the best remedy. It is difficult to see how her appeal can fail to have some effect upon even the most obdurate publishers and reporters. At all events, that portion of the community which would like to lead a decent and self-respecting existence cannot but be grateful to her for having made it. How is this shameless intrusion upon the private life of a public person to be put an end to, if not by appealing to the better nature of such of the offenders as have a better nature, and by stirring up feelings of abhorrence on the part of the public towards such of them as have not? The excuse which publishers and reporters always make is, that the fault lies with the readers, who are willing to pay their money for such wares. It may be true that the receiver is as bad as the thief, but society does not undertake to exterminate receivers of stolen goods in order to prevent the crime of stealing. The readers of this objectionable literature are obscure in station and countless in number; it is impossible for the reformer to have any effect upon them. The publisher and the reporter are in plain sight and in full hearing; it is upon them that the former's weapons must be brought to bear. As Mrs. Burnett points out, the present state of things is so painful, to the victims of it, that many modest people will doubtless be prevented from becoming great authors or

dramatists from fear of exposing themselves to the reckless fabricating of the newspaper reporter.—*The Evening Post*.

Notes

WE HEAR with regret that Messrs. Ticknor & Co. have disposed of the copyright, electrotype plates and stock of all their miscellaneous publications, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. being the purchasers. Of the members of the former firm, Mr. George F. Godfrey will retire from the publishing business, Mr. Thomas B. Ticknor will become associated in an important position with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., while Mr. Benjamin H. Ticknor will continue to publish the remainder of the Ticknor list, including *The American Architect*, and various architectural subscription books, etc., at the old stand of Ticknor & Co. It is understood that payment for the property is made in cash.

—M. de Blowitz, the celebrated Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, will relate, in *Harper's* for May, the story of his greatest journalistic achievement—the publication of the Treaty of Berlin at the very hour that it was being signed by the representatives of the Powers. A portrait of M. de Blowitz accompanies the article, which is entitled 'A Chapter from my Memoirs.'

—Mr. Eugene Schuyler will publish in the May and June *Scribners* his reminiscences of 'Count Leo Tolstoy Twenty Years Ago,' when he was one of a remarkable group of Russian writers. Mr. Schuyler was a visitor at Tolstoy's home, and had many conversations with him, not hitherto published. Prof. C. E. Norton of Harvard will contribute the End Paper to the May number, his subject being 'The Lack of Old Homes in America.'

—*The Century* has secured for publication M. Coquelin's interesting lecture on Molière, delivered (in French) before the Nineteenth Century Club on Friday evening of last week. The paper was devoted, largely, to a comparison of Shakspeare with the French dramatist. Other essays by the distinguished actor will probably follow it.

—Mr. Douglas Sladen has been recently elected an honorary life member of the Royal Scottish Society of Literature, and invited to deliver the opening address at its next session (to be followed on subsequent evenings by Henry Irving and the Marquis of Bute). This will necessitate his leaving America not later than October.

—'To an American lady is due,' Edmund Yates understands, 'a very clever literary skit, just published by Macmillan, called "An Author's Love." It purports to contain the replies of the "Inconnue" to the famous letters addressed to her by Prosper Mérimée. These supposititious answers are singularly clever and written with feminine delicacy and tact, yet here and there grappling boldly with large subjects, and frequently showing a vein of quite unfeminine humor.'

—'School Days of the Presidents' is the general title of a series of short papers, by George J. Manson, which begins in *Harper's Young People* issued last Tuesday. To the next number two of Dr. Edward Eggleston's daughters will contribute.

—The beautiful little edition of 'Elia'—the first of the Temple Library—recently published by Macmillan & Co. is shortly to be followed by 'The Poems and Plays of Oliver Goldsmith,' edited by Austin Dobson, who has written an introduction, and added notes on some points not elucidated in previous editions of the poet. The book will contain six etchings by John Jellicoe and Herbert Railton.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) 'The Open Door,' a novel by Blanche Willis Howard; 'The Way: The Nature and Means of Revelation,' by Prof. John F. Weir, of Yale; 'Prolegomena and Index to "In Memoriam,"' by Thomas Davidson, an attempt to throw light upon the 'religious soul-problem which forms its [the poem's] unity'; and an edition for 1889, revised and printed from entirely new plates, of 'A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe.'

—At a recent sale in London of volumes from the library of the Duke of Buccleuch, the following prices were obtained: Boccaccio's 'Il Decamerone,' the Giunta edition, 1527, bound in variegated leathers by Padeloup, 185*l*.; Juliana Barnes, 'Treatyses Pertheyning to Hawkyng and Huntynge, &c.,' printed by Wynkynde de Worde in 1496 (imperfect), 44*l*.; Caxton, 'The Chronicles of England,' 1480, 470*l*.; another copy (imperfect), second edition, 1482, 45*l*.; 'Les Grands Chroniques de St. Denis,' an illuminated manuscript on vellum of the Fifteenth Century, 98*l*.; Caxton, 'Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophers,' first edition, Westminster, 1477, 650*l*.; Caxton, 'Hyden, Discripcion of Britayne' 1840 (repaired), 195*l*.; Caxton, 'Ryal Book, or Book for a King,' translated from the French, and printed by Caxton in the 'second yere of the Regne of Kyng Rychard the Thyrd,' 365*l*.

—It seems that the late John Ericsson destroyed his diary, but abundant biographical material has been found in his letters and other papers. It was his desire that if any biography of him was undertaken, it should be intrusted to his friend, Col. William C. Church, editor of *The Army and Navy Journal*. Col. Church has assumed the responsibility, and will contribute several papers to the fall numbers of *Scribner's*, prepared by the help of these documents. They will afterwards be expanded into a biography.

—The first edition (5,000 copies) of Mrs. Burnett's 'Pretty Sister of José' was exhausted several days before the book was published.

—W. J. Linton, the distinguished wood-engraver, is about to issue a volume of 'Poems and Translations,' through Messrs. Scribner & Welford. It will contain, besides new ones, nearly all the poems contained in his two privately printed volumes. A portrait of Mr. Linton is prefixed, and the book is dedicated 'To William Bell Scott, my friend for nearly fifty years.' Only 780 copies have been printed.

—The Easter *Harper's Bazar*, just published, has a cover designed by Harry Fenn, and printed in color. The number contains drawings by Alfred Fredericks and C. D. Weldon; an Easter poem by Rose Terry Cooke; a poem by Frank Dempster Sherman, accompanying a drawing of 'Fifth Avenue on Easter Sunday,' by H. W. McVickar; a Supplement with a double-page picture of 'Washington and his Family'; and two pages of original designs for fireplaces, together with detailed descriptions and estimates of cost, by Charles De Kay.

—The Memorial Fund to Matthew Arnold has now reached the sum of \$35,000, and a meeting of subscribers is to be held at once to determine upon its disposition.

—On the square plot of ground in Laleham churchyard, where lie buried Matthew Arnold and four of his children, a headstone of white marble has been placed, with the following inscription beneath a simple raised cross: 'Matthew Arnold, eldest son of the late Thomas Arnold, D.D., Head Master of Rugby School. Born Dec. 24, 1822. Died April 15, 1888. "There is sprung up a light for the righteous, and joyful gladness for such as are true-hearted."'

—Miss Ethel Arnold, a niece of Matthew Arnold and a sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward, who has spent the winter on a visit to her friends in this country, sails for England to-day on the Umbria.

—The public performance of the drama adapted from 'Robert Elsmere,' referred to by our Boston correspondent this week, is said to have confirmed the general opinion that the material contained in the book is not calculated to make an acting play. The Boston *Herald* says of it:

The dramatist drives Elsmere even farther out on the sea of doubt and uncertainty than he is permitted to drift in the novel. The agnostic Langham is rewarded by being made happy in the possession of the love and person of Rose Leyburn. Flaxman disappears altogether, and in his place is a conventional English dude, introduced for comedy purposes. The Squire and Grey are simply alluded to briefly, and the Established Church is represented by Mr. Newcome, who, although strongly drawn, is hardly given a fair share of the argument, and who is hampered in his fight against ultra-unitarianism and agnosticism by being forced into the position of a stern bigot, who is attempting to separate loving hearts, break up a happy home and ruin the lives of four persons. In the last act Elsmere and his wife are reunited, and the curtain falls upon them clinging fondly to each other in loving embrace, even while the fact is emphasized that they are clinging even more fondly and with greater tenacity to their individual religious beliefs. As a contribution to the religious discussion reopened by the book, the play counts for nothing. To thoroughly comprehend the drama it is necessary to have read the book, and to those who have carefully studied the novel, and in the right spirit, the play is unsatisfactory, weak and illogical.

—Under the title of 'Further Reminiscences' a second volume of 'My Autobiography and Reminiscences,' by W. P. Frith, the distinguished Royal Academician, is published by Harper & Bros. The people who figure in it are, among others, Charles Dickens, Sir Edwin Landseer, Mrs. Maxwell, M. E. Braddon, Robert Browning, John Ruskin, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Lynn Linton, F. Anstey, Anthony Trollope, Du Maurier, and Tenniel.

—The Scribners are about to issue a new and revised edition of their 'Index Guide to Travel and Art Study in Europe.'

—The Pennsylvania Society of Sons of the Revolution completed the first year of their existence on April 3, when the annual dinner was given at the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia. There were about a hundred persons present. This Society, the offspring of that of New York, already includes many representatives of well-known Revolutionary families—Wayne, Cadwalader, McKean, Lewis, Biddle, Rawle, Washington, Morris, Haselhurst, Fraser, Hutchinson, North, Marshall, Craig, etc.

—Among the new volumes announced in the Library of Philosophy are a work on metaphysics, to be entitled 'Epistemology; or, the Science of Knowledge,' by Dr. James Ward of Trinity College, Cambridge; and a work by Prof. Edward Caird, of Glasgow.

—'The Mouse-Trap, and Other Farces,' by William Dean Howells, with illustrations, is announced for this week by Harper & Bros., the 'other farces' being 'The Garroters,' 'Five o'clock Tea,' and 'A Likely Story.' The same firm have ready 'The Tramp at Home' (illustrated), by Lee Meriwether, special agent of the Bureau of Labor Statistics at Washington, and author of 'A Tramp Trip: How to see Europe on Fifty Cents a Day.'

—The forthcoming new edition of the works of Erckmann-Chatrrian, including 'Waterloo' and 'The Conscript,' will be in six uniform volumes.

—The Century Club has secured a site for its proposed new building, the price being \$150,000. The land lies on the north side of West Forty-third Street, 125 feet west of Fifth Avenue, and is at present adjoined by the stables of the Fifth Avenue Stage Co. The new building will be further up-town, we believe, than any other social club-house of importance.

—One of the few English poets who have won their way into American Magazines lately is Mrs. Graham R. Tomson, a collection of whose verse is about to be issued by Longmans, Green & Co. The book is called 'The Bird-Bride: a Volume of Ballads and Sonnets.' The title ballad is an Eskimo legend.

—Mr. James B. Colgate of this city has assumed the expense, estimated at \$100,000, of erecting the new library at Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y., for which ground was broken this week.

—M. Michel Eugène Chevreul, the distinguished French chemist, is dead at the age of nearly 103. He was born at Angers on August 31, 1786. He retained his health and his faculties to the last, though he felt, at one hundred, that he was 'growing old,' and sighed for 'the elasticity of eighty'!

—America, of Chicago, has changed its form to a much more agreeable size, about that of *The Saturday Review* or *Spectator*. It has much more the appearance now of a paper that has 'come to stay.'

—Harper & Bros. have ready the third edition, revised and enlarged, of 'A Manual of Historical Literature,' by President Charles K. Adams of Cornell. In the portion of the Manual devoted to 'Histories of the United States,' even so recent a work as Bryce's 'American Commonwealth' is included. The same firm also have ready another volume of English Classics for School Reading, 'Fairy Tales in Prose and Verse,' edited by Dr. Rolfe.

—An edition of Laing's 'Sea-Kings of Norway,' revised by the Hon. Rasmus B. Anderson, is nearly ready at Scribner & Welford's under the title 'The Heimskringla; or, The Sagas of the Norse Kings.'

—Robert Clarke & Co.'s seasonable 'List of Books on Angling, Hunting, Shooting and Kindred Subjects' contains nearly 500 titles.

—An effort is being made by the Commissioners of the District of Columbia to increase the size and perfect the character of the City Library of Washington, of which Mr. Charles Lanman is the Librarian.

—We have received the 'First Report of the Home-Hotel Association,' whose purpose is to aid 'needy authors, artists and professional persons.' The society was Founded by Miss M. A. Fisher, incorporated Sept. 24, 1888, and is temporarily located at 71 Java Street (Greenpoint), Brooklyn, E.D. Mrs. John H. Hinton, of 41 W. 32d Street, is its President, Mrs. S. P. Embury, 31 W. 37th Street, its Treasurer, and Miss Fisher its Corresponding Secretary. We quote from the Report:

More than forty years ago, the late N. P. Willis, inspired by the suffering of Edgar Poe and his wife, from illness and poverty, made an eloquent appeal for a semi-private institution where literary people, and others of sensibility and refinement, whose pursuits had been of an intellectual character, might find a temporary refuge without publicity in times of adversity. . . . The object of the Home-Hotel is to afford its guests a retreat until able to resume their labors; or a permanent home for their declining years. The comforts of the Hotel shall be free to those unable to offer any compensation, or at a very low rate to others who may prefer a certain independence, but no distinction shall be made between the guests of either class, and the terms of their admission will be known only to the Managers appointed to receive the inmates.

The Association could accomplish more than at present, it is thought, if its headquarters were in New York, and to meet the greater expenses of a metropolitan establishment, an appeal is made to the charitable public.

—The will of Dr. Holmes's daughter, the late Mrs. Amelia Turner Sargent, contains various public and private bequests, the remainder of the property being left in trust, the interest to be equally divided between her brother, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and her father. After their death, Harvard College is to receive \$25,000 for general purposes and \$10,000 for the anatomical department. In case her brother should die without issue, the Massachusetts General Hospital is to receive \$25,000, Medical Library Association \$25,000, and the Museum of Fine Arts \$25,000. Mrs. Sargent also left some valuable works of art to the Museum of Fine Arts, to be known as the Turner-Sargent collection.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

ANSWERS

1448.—2. While unable to name the drama inquired for in No. 1448, question 2, yet I desire to refer 'S.' to a comparison of 'Erminie's' plot with that narrative in Book V., Chap. I. of 'Gil Blas' wherein Don Raphael and Moralez—that 'holy howler of hallelujahs'—attempt the same trick upon Signor de Moyadas. If there is a drama upon which the opera is founded, does not that then owe its plot to Le Sage?

DETROIT, MICH.

W. R. A.

1452.—I should be glad to exchange *The Christian Union* for either the *London Academy* or *The Athenaeum*.

MILFORD, MICH.

M. E. C.

1455.—Herman Hooker's edition of John Sterling's Poems was published in Philadelphia in 1842.

BOSTON, MASS.

E. E. H.

1455.—We can supply you with a copy of John Sterling's Poems, 8vo, cloth, uncut, London (E. Moxon), 1839 (first edition).

E. W. J.

1455.—I can furnish a copy of the plain American edition of Sterling to your correspondent for \$1.55, or a copy of the first English edition for \$3.

NEW YORK.

J. B.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Adams, Sir. F. O., and Cunningham, C. D. The Swiss Confederation. \$4. Macmillan & Co.
Barns, Charles E. The Amaranth and the Beryl. Willard Fracker & Co.
Barns, Charles E. Solitaires to his Daemon. Willard Fracker & Co.
Barton Collection Catalogue. Boston: Public Library.
Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Parts 31, 32. 50c each. Century Co.
Bourrienne, L. A. F. de. Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte. Ed. by Col. R. W. Phipps. 4 vols. \$5. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Brown, Alice. Fools of Nature. 50c. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Burnett, Frances Hodgson. The Pretty Sister of José. \$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Cecil, Evelyn. Notes of My Journey Round the World. \$4. Longmans, Green & Co.
Church, Rev. A. J. Henry the Fifth. 60c. Macmillan & Co.
Cutler, Rev. Carroll. The Beginning of Ethics. \$2.25. A. C. Armstrong, & Son.
Dante. The Banquet (Il Convito). Tr. by Katharine Hillard. \$2.25. London: Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co.
Dore, J. S. Old Bibles. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode.
Draper, Lyman C. Autographic Collections. Burns & Son.
Eliot, Annie. An Hour's Promise. 50c. Cassell & Co.
Findlay, G. G. The Epistle to the Galatians. \$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Fitzgerald, Caroline. Venetia Victrix. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Froude, J. A. The Two Chiefs of Dunboy. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Fun from Life. \$1. Frederick A. Stokes & Bro.
Goldsmith, Oliver. Poems and Plays. Ed. by Austin Dobson. 2 vols. \$3.75. Macmillan & Co.
Higginson, T. W. The Afternoon Landscape. \$1. Longmans, Green & Co.
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